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KAINTUCK OR TENNESSEE.

In the Old Days of Racing---The Taming of a Spirited Filly---The Wizard Turtle of Glenn Marree.

By ED. D. WILSON.

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THE FIRST HEAT.
THE UNNAMED FILLY.

Ker-whickerty-ker-whop, went the big wheels; ker-flickery-ker-flop, went the little wheels, and whir-r-r, went the old-time machinery of a mill, upon the bank of Little Shoal creek, in the good old county of Lawrence, Tennessee, in the year 1854. The great "over-shot" wheel made the little wheels hum so merrily and so musically that Samuel Marree, the owner, thereof, smiled softly to himself, for it reminded him of a day in the republic of the past when Dorrie Dane had said "yes" so softly and so low that none but an accustomed ear could have heard it above the noise of bolting-chest and belt. The smile made his time-worn face to shine with good nature and the furrows upon it to play hide-and-seek with each other, as a sigh for the days agone mingled with the music of the wheels; but then, "I am the owner of this true old friend given me by my father, of a kind, handsome and gentle wife, of five thousand acres of pretty fair land, and of——"

"Dadny Sam; oh, Dadny Sam-e-e, here is a letter for you, dear dadny," rang out a clear young voice, that was full of silvery chimes, as a maiden rushed up to him like a north wind, and, with a kiss and a pat, handed him a small package that was sealed with wax. "It comes from the bluegrass dells of old Kaintuck, for it looks and smells like Bourbon."

"Why, it is from John, dear old John; I wonder if there is anything the matter; le's see, le's see," and here is what he read, blunderingly:

"Dear Sam—I hope that this will find you well in body and in family, and is to notify you that I will ship my boy, Dannie, to you on the first of May to see if you can grind some of the dodgasted foolishness out of the wild young colt. I tried to train him so that I could handle him with a curb of restraint, but he took the bit between his teeth, kicked out of the traces and ran away. Then I tried the snaffle of kindness and worked him up to admire the build, the legs, and all the fine points of a horse, and the young scamp transferred his training to the build and salient points of ballet girls that live, move, and have their being in the green room. And now he has kicked out the dashboard of my patience by getting himself into a puddle of stuff that he calls 'love' with a skirt dancer, who has a beefy form, and flaxy mane, who has no more pedigree than a bantam rooster, and whose only gait is a trot—to a beer shop! Why, she don't even know by whom she was sired; but I could tell her, almighty quick, by whom she is most everlastingly and eternally damned! Take my mettlesome boy, Sam, he is my only boy—and all; use the halter of kindness; be gentle with him, for he is a tender-hearted and loving thing, just like his poor dead mother was. Maybe I did not groom him right, and maybe I drew the reins too tight. For the sake of the dear old days that are gone, Sam, train my high-strung boy for me as best you can. Your friend,—John Curtis Lorren."

"Here, take this letter to your mother, child, and tell her that I—hang that chaff, it flew right into my eye; it will put them out some day."

But the maiden standing there saw that the "chaff" was crystallized, and so she twined a pair of exquisitely moulded arms around his neck and kissed the tears away that had welled up from a heart that was as tender as a woman's. Then she went toward the house, reading the letter as she walked along, and, without a word, handed it to her mother and stood waiting while she mastered its contents, having to almost spell her way through it.

"Why, Ora Belle, he is coming here to us—Ora's child, Ora's boy, will soon be here, sweetheart, and we must——"

"There take hold."

"So I have read, muddy, dear; but isn't that the 'horsiest, raciest and leggiest' letter that you ever——"

"Why, it is from John, dear, and is just like him—the old rascal—not that he is so very old, either, but he is the owner of the largest and finest stable of thoroughbred race horses in the south, and is often called 'the king of the turf;' but, Ora, child, we will put him in the front room—her room, his mother's—and we will take him just like one of us; our little Dannie—sweet baby that he was, too, and so cute—baby! Bless my heart, how time does fly! How old are you now, Ora Belle?"

"I have skipped o'er the hills of life just seventeen times, mother, dear——"

"What, so old as that; then he must be close to twenty-one, almost a man; my, my!"

"Oh, Jeminy-Ann-Told, mother, I thought he was a boy, a colt; let me see that exposition of horsiness again," and she dug into its hieroglyphics as though she would horoscope the future. Her mother's voice fell upon her ears as a something to which she was accustomed, and now and then she could distinguish a word or two, as "boss, turtle, drowned, diamonds, millpond," and she knew that her mother was repeating a story that was as familiar to her as the tick of a clock.

"His father writes like his young Daniel had fallen into a den of legs; strange to say that he can't fall in love with anything but—oh, I have it—he's an architect, a modeler of human structures, and knows that no building of beauty can be erected, or nicely finished, unless the foundation is symmetrical, solid, handsome, and unblemished. So the gentleman from Legville rears his affections upon the foundation of a pair of garitered pedestals, the whole of which castle is finished off with a 'comb' of great beauty. First thing he knows he'll get a hairpin stuck into his heart—if he keeps on building a tower of love upon such a deceptive basis. Aye, aye, muddy, we'll wean 'the colt' away from skirt dancers, and false foundations of that ilk, and teach him that—but, wonder if he really ever saw any like—like—see if I can 'do' the skirt dance act, muddy, dear?" The indulgent mother looked on with now a smile, and, anon, a sigh; the smile for the Lasiliously symmetrical maiden, the merry, winsome ways of this wildly beautiful one—this untamed filly of Glenn Marree; and a sigh for the coming of the days when her little girl, her only one on earth, would ride away from her in the golden chariot of Love. And the day could not be packed very deeply in the hold of the future, for, by this display of limbs of faultless loveliness in taper and in extent of superficies, the doting mother, for the first time, realized that her baby girl had passed across the bridge of childhood and had entered into the fields where grew the bright and beautiful flowers of womanhood, and she but too well knew that, lurking beneath the fairest and most fragrant ones the adders of horror and of suffering were hidden and ready to strike their deadly fangs into all that chanced that way.

"My child, I will have to put longer dresses on you, for you are getting so——"

"Oh, no., no, muddy, dear! just let me be 'your little girl, your baby,' for a short time longer, won't you, p-e-a-s-e-e, mam; just always that, muddy," and with a kiss, a caress, and a bound she went out the door, and was soon rowing her little boat up the millpond at a rushing clip and singing a rollicking ditty.

Three weeks later she hooked old Rommie to the lumbering old mill wagon and drove into Lawrenceburg to meet "Daniel, the Legman," who was due that day.

It was not long after she arrived before she heard a long, peculiar blast that she recognized as the horn of the stage driver; and it was only a short time thereafter before the stage drew up to the hotel with a great flourish, and the cheery voice of Uncle Tommie Douglas hit upon her ear.

"All right, mister, here you air, sir; jump out, I'll attend to your concern; that's the way to woman there. Howdy, Orie, how's your pa an' ma? Old Rommie looks purty whoa, you hussy—as ever; there, mister, I've put your concern in the wagon; thank 'ee, sir, I'll remember you. Here, Orie, he is lookin' for you; whoa, there!"

Thus addressed, Ora stepped up to the nappy looking young man, held out her hand in a casual way, and remarked in a cheerful voice:

"You are the—the young person that I am looking for, I think; step this way, please," and she piloted the way to the wagon in an offhand way.

He looked at the rambling old express wagon, at her from head to foot, at old Rommie, who was lazily chewing the bit of contentment, and a smile was incubated in his eyes, got on to his cheeks, and finally lodged on his lips where it was caught in the act by this astute young woman, and was punished by a pair of very handsome eyes flashing a bolt of defiance into his. And then she remarked to her heart, confidentially:

"He would be quite handsome if—if he had handsome ways, but then——" Here she switched off the mental line and finished audibly: "You are Daniel, the—shem—Daniel Dane Lorren, and I will now make you acquainted with—the wagon, with Miss Romance, alias Rommie, and with, yours antagonistically, Ora Belle Marree."

"Antagonistically—why?"

"Oh, because you are the ie—the unbroken colt, that I—that we have to we—break to harness so that you won't run away and hurt yourself; solitude and a lash will soon do the work; jump into my carriage, and old Rommie will show——"

"Rommie—Miss Romance—what a sting on the name; but she looks like she might

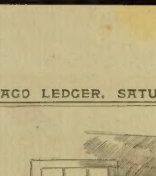
have a good strain in her pedigree; such long, tapering legs—excuse me, limbs, and is so jolly lengthy in body that I believe she could cut a colt of wind in two. She looks like her dam might be a nightmare; but forty dollars that the old lady, with proper training, could run like a streak of rectified electricity if she ever took a notion to make up what are her gaits"?

"She may have several—by proper training—but the principal one now is—the barnyard gait."

The echoes had not subsided from the merriment caused by this sally when Miss Romance made a close connection with a stone, with her left foot, which gave a sudden lurch to the wagon. That alone would have amounted to little, but taken in connection a deep rut, filled with water and mud, and a large trunk, taking advantage of the situation, striking the gentleman from Kentucky about the center of his spinal column, he flew off at a tangent or end-over-end towards and took a seat in the mud puddle. With rapid felinity he was on his feet.

"Thanks, quite refreshingly, Miss Orr. Belle Marsee, for the liquid libation, and the use of your pud muddle. I'm stuck on it, and it seems to be reciprocal; in witness whereof, interview my clothes," and he lifted his hat with the grace of a Chesterfield and bowed haughtily, but elegantly.

With a wild, but mellow laugh, that was full of comedy, she brought out to him a nut-brown hand to help extricate him from his sticky position, and when this was accomplished they were better comrades by fifty per cent than they would have been under ordinary circumstances.



The Boarder—You advertised fresh vege tables!
The Farmer Hoss (audibly)—Fresh! Why, dern it! them corn and them peas is fresh. Mother opened them cans not more'n an hour ago!

THE SECOND HEAT.
"THE COLT" BECOMES A LITTLE FRACTIOUS.

The days were moulded into links and welded into weeks that were laden with pleasure and noted for the swiftness with which they chased each other into the mountains of the past, and were hidden under the shadows of obscurity.

Miss Belle had begun to put upon the tablet of memory an inventory of the principal "points" of "the colt," specifically of the "colt," so that she would know how to "handle" him in the "training" for future purse—or "stakes"—and not too high for her status and his "gaits" too rapid for her wishes. The most "striking point" (it was that he was quite handsome in physiognomy and "mane" and "tail" were those that curled tormentingly, with eyes of the same tint, but with ingredients in them that contain combustibles and explosives if they came into contact with the fire of wrath. And yet they are just splendid in appearance was the way that column of her inventory added up.

Another "point" scored was, that his "form" was not so round as to be suggestive of turn, but was extraordinary in grace of movement and was remarkable in agility, and full of chain lightning when it came to a temper if not properly handled. His "gaits" might depend upon the condition of the track, or, more especially, upon the proper use of the bridle, and, consequently, the adjustment, kind and, character of the harness. So the lady from Lawrence county, Tennessee, made a rapid calculation and roughly estimated a sum total as follows:

"I have seen a deal of men more handsome, lots more entertaining, several more highly polished, but that's not the point about him that is—oh, I dunno."

His inventory of heart was shorter and more satisfactory, in toto. He summed her up as a young lady of spritely mien, of hotty-cotty with a few faults and a few exquisite mould, a bright and charming face with a sympathetic eyes of agate, and a well poised head crowned with a world of rippling, waving and wind-tossed hair, that reminded her of a wisp of ripened wheat dancing in the sunlight.

She taught him how to row the yawl, and how jolly funny it was when "he caught a tartar" by introducing the middle of the back to the bottom of the boat, and the back of the head to a seat thereof in the shape of the captured "tartar."

Above the dam the creek ran almost east and south for about several yards, and then suddenly changed its mind and meandered away due south. Mutually they made it in the shape of a harvest moon, and upon the full moon, going and coming hunter's moon, a high bluff, that was fringed with cedar and other trees that made it cool and comfortable for the people of Maple Village. On the right was a low level field that was used as a race track; for in the days of which I'm in that day and time, the people would gather their fleetest horses and mules to see who was them, but will never be again, a horse race! The field was the race course, for any one who knows how the grandstand with seats of leaves, stumps, stones, and logs, and nothing to cost a cent for months before the first Monday in September—but the race course, and everything but—her but the races, and the boy-money on the bob-tailed horse.

And who will bet on the boy?

All this Miss Romance told Mister Loreen, but was met with wit, stirred with laughter, iced with satire and served with the sauce of sarcasm from the fountain of divine loveliness.

As the ponies are out in the little boat this bright, warm day in June, and are fishing under the shade of a large old sycamore tree that stood just in the bend of the creek, and leaned its towering top over the creek as for the sake of clear and inviting freestone waters down below.

Corporal Tine had run a race against Tine and had been distanced by that astute racer, when the sinister of silence was broken by a voice of "The Colt."

This hole is full of silversides, suckers, or sunnies and bullheads, maybe scalin' my bait. It must be—gee-hosh-a-fat, what a big turtle—the, he's gone!"

"Yes," she said, dreamily, "I used to see it nearly every day before you came."

"One would think from your insinuation that I had frightened the ugly old sinner into taking a longer bath than usual; bless Joe, he needs it bad; what a horrid head and rattling big legs he has."

She smiled a little at the mention of his "fad," but it quickly faded as she settled herself in the boat and tried to arrange her short skirts so as to hide as much of her ankles as their abbreviated condition would admit of.

There is a sad, sad story connected with that old turtle. "The Wizard of Glenn Marree" as he is called. No, get mother to tell it to you; please do not ask me. I had much rather not, it is so weird, so awful, so terribly sad and then mother can tell it so much better.

"I had much rather hear it from you—now—here—please—e."

She detected a note of sadness in his voice; it was so low, so peculiar and so new to her that she turned her head away so that he could not see her face, only in profile, and then

"When I was a wee baby girl, some seventeen years ago, a lady came here, and with her came her little boy, of about four years, to rest under the shade of our trees, drink of the freestone water, and try to regain her health and strength. She and my mother had been schoolmates, friends, and almost sisters in the past, and loved each other most devotedly. She was a frail, delicate, and most beautiful woman, had a wealthy and devoted husband, who gave her every thing that could minister comfort to the one needful—health."

She cast a furtive side glance at him and saw a pale face, a trembling form, and a dark curly head bowed with his face rested between his hands. And her voice sounded as if he were listening to that angel of the skies who beckons to earth the wicked that come to all that sleep.

"And they were taking their usual boat ride that—that day—that awful day in June, and the sunlight was flecking the shade of this old sycamore tree, and were weaving the threads of the past into colors bright with the hues of the future—days to come.

"See, dear,' she said to my mother, 'this is the ring that he gave me—my wedding ring—my sweetest and most precious gift to me. Bless his old soul; see how the diamonds flash in the sunlight, and this beautiful letter—see here between; is it not just as lovely as it can possibly be? There, take it in your hand for you can see it better.'

And she leaned forward in the little boat and took the ring to mother when that horrid old turtle stuck its ugly head out of the water right under the face of the lady and gave a scream of agony, and threw her hand over her heart, dropped the ring into the muddy, stagnant, weed-and-sedge filled into the water!"

She stopped, for a groan from the man sold of the deep interest he was taking in the narrative; and, then, too, she almost felt sorry for him—sorry for sympathy for him—this giant of manhood that was so shaken by the telling of it.

"My mother grasped her skirts, as she was sinking for the last time, and screamed for help until my father came—but—but—and so—and so—it was—was too—too—

"No need to tell you, dear, how the rest—all—all of it—it was—was—my beautiful, angel mother—she—she—I know by the telling of it; for your kind sympathy that is your own mother—and you can tell the rest of it—why the old turtle is called the 'Wizard,' and that part that my mother loved so much—and—and—I have lived to speak of it."

"You failed, dear, to take it—her away, and my mother says that she never saw anyone so grieved and weeping as you were, prayed and cursed until my father had to use some pretty strong language to keep him from a reward of ten thousand dollars for the recovery of the ring, and the pond was dragged, drained and everything possible done to earn the reward, but the ring was never found. My father took up the idea that the turtle had swallowed it, and so the guns, rifles, stones, missiles of all kinds and the hands of all men were turned against the life of the turtle, to kill or capture it; but its life was as charmed and its escapes so marvelous that it is said that 'The Wizard of Glenn Marree,' and that is, I think, about all you would care to hear."

She was sitting there in the narrow little boat, with a flush of sympathy upon her cheeks while narrating the scene that culminated in the death of the mother that he never knew, and when he looked up the picture became a painting upon the easel of his memory that stood among the archives of his most sacred things of earth. But as yet the picture was blurred, undeveloped, hazy.

Reclining upon a seat that was too short, too narrow and too low for a free display of her graceful charms, the young girl, forgetful of self, was wondering how she could turn the tide of conversation into a haven of more pleasant waters. She was clothed in some soft, clinging material that caressed the exquisite beauty of her rounded form; with her light, rippling hair floating upon the crystal freestone waters; the sleeve of the arm upon which she leaned had fallen to her shoulder, and disclosed an arm that no sculptor of earth could imitate, and two ankles that had been turned upon the lathe of life by a master architect of human structure, peeped up at him in a roguish, tantalizing way.

"Trim-built as a schooner, agile as an antelope, graceful as a sylph, beautiful as a Diana, wiry as a thoroughbred, mettlesome as steel, untamable as a mustang, spoiled in training—ye gods of all creation, if she ever takes the bit in her teeth—poor handsome teeth of hers, and runs away with—with somebody's heart—she'll smash it into such small fragments that not a trace of it will be left with a drop of blood in it. Aye, that's a race I'd like to see. What a royal, rattling shoulder to shoulder, head to head, heart to heart run it would be—and if Glenn Marree will give that poor mortal that gets hard to the chariot of Destiny with her! Poor devil. I pity him—that is, I think I do!" he muttered, as she turned, and, with a look that was eloquent, telegraphed a message of sympathy into his; and this their two souls understood, read, is touched by the silent token; and thus it was that their first heart-throb was woven into a tie of friendship just above the spot whence his mother's spirit took flight.

And the climax to the affair is ridiculous in the extreme," she said, as she arose to a sitting posture, "poor daddy, bless his old soul, published it abroad in the land, that whosoever would capture alive, or kill, 'The Wizard' without breaking his shell, i. e., shooting it through the head, would be rewarded handsomely."

"With what?" he asked, more earnestly than he knew.

"Why, with my—hand—in the sailing yoke of matrimony!" and she waked the echoes with a girlish shout of derisive laughter at the absurdity of it.

"And is there no takers?" he asked, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes, plenty, of course," she answered with a pout and a toss of her head that reminded him of a thoroughbred, "there were, probably, seventeen, with a gentleman with a long body, long arms, long legs, long head, long hair, long everything with dancing, dangerous eyes, "long limbs, and long-winded, who was—was—was a long-ing for my $ feet $ of personality, or my $200 of reality. I know not, care not, which, but I do happen to know that one, either of high or low degree, can ever have—that is—that will ever have—my—my heart!"

A little later he rowed down to the landing, and as she threw on his force-head, and it was evident that something was formenting in his breast, for he was strangely silent, and soon it broke in such violent outbreak that it startled her breath away.

"Miss Ora Belle Marree, please say to those people, those friends of yours, that I have decided to be a poor old turtle, for any cause, that he that so much as spills one drop of that old turtle's blood—I will kill him like I would a worm!"

He leaped out of the boat and strode away like an offended king, and left her sitting there, appalled, frozen, with her face flushing, paling, and her bosom heaving with surprise, consternation and disgust. What was the matter with him? what had she said or done to make those dark brows meet in such a frown and gleam with such subtle fury? She did not know; could not tell, but there was one thing that his wrath had lifted the veil from that caused her face to glow and burn with something other than surprise and consternation, and that made her spring to her feet, shake the hair out of her eyes with a gesture of desperation, and then the blue blood of her ancestors surged to her face, to her neck, and Miss Marree walked away with a step as firm, a head as high, and mien as haughty as a queen, but with all of that, a little delicate seed had been sown in her heart that just burned and stung and quivered until the untamed filly of Glenn Marree's mountains and forest had champed the bit of pride in utter desperation. And the battle was on!

THE THIRD HEAT.
PRIDE VS. HEART.

The days marched in sombre silence on, but these days were not the joyful throng that they used to be. He had volunteered Monday afternoon to the Medical threat, and the pride of her ante cedo forbade an investigation only in a silent and watchful way. And thus it came to pass that she discovered two new maneuvers in the tactics of her enemy that caused her to keep her sentinels always on the alert, each time a "parley" of some sort was her's a mighty determination.

She had given him permission to train Miss Romance upon the track around the creek, and he had devoted a great deal of time to this, and in rubbing and grooming her, until she was, well, clean, to say the least, "a picture of speed and thoroughbred." Her mother had informed her that his explanation was that he was "fitting a place for the colt."

But the explanation was a delusion because of the fact he occasionally "hitched" the creek from head to mouth with the quantity of bread that had been, and was being, conveyed to the bend. So she permitted her curiosity to overcome her dignity, crossed over to the creek on the bluff side, and hid herself under an upturned tree, from which position she could sit up and down the creek for some distance, and discover the "colt."

There was "The Wizard" out on his log enjoying the sunshine, and looking down the creek as if he expected company. Presently she saw Dan come rowing toward them with a load that filled the little boat almost out of the water. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, his collar unbuttoned, and she could see the play of the muscles and sinews in his mighty arms that yielded to the oars with such power and easy vigor.

How handsome, how strong, how—he could kill a man like—like that," she whispered to her self. "I'm sure he and Bunky Butte should—and Bunky always carries a rifle, the great coward; my goodness me, I don't dare think of such a thought about the turtle. Just see how big and grand he is with that head lifted—that—I wonder who his sweetheart was—it ought to have been Diana. My father—what is he doing?"

Just out there on the old log sat the ugly old turtle that had lived in that millpond for many long years—that old "Wizard" that had escaped, defied, shot at dozens of times by man, his mortal enemy; that was never dread that had been spared was him, and now there—there was that horrid old thing—that "Wizard of Glenn Maree," as he—his head thrust out of the head of Daniel Dane Loreen!

"Yes, you," she mused softly to herself, "oh, yes, the big old Hercules, the unbroken colt of Cold Mountain, the ugly, ugly thoroughbred, has won the affections of Hercules, and, my goodness, my naughty, and even of that ugly old turtle—is it love—is it fascination? What is it? —I don't know; I don't care, no, I don't—I—I—I'll—he it's—" and the fair face was hidden in a pair of brown hands, and a golden head bowed down, down, down into the leaves and twigs, for that little seed of something was just growing, growing, swelling expanding and threatening to blossom out and bear the seed of the forbidden fruit.

She peeped through her fingers and saw him gently stroke the back of that muddy old turtle that never had a friend before, and a look gets into those two beautiful eyes of hers that makes them droop and droop of fear that he should see, and maybe it was just as well for her that he did not.

She shook herself and lowered her hands, and, lo, he held the old rusty one in his great strong hands and was handling it as tenderly as c—

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease.

It originates in a scrofulous condition of the blood and depends on that condition.

It often causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, affects the vocal organs and disturbs the stomach.

It should never be neglected, since it leads to more serious trouble.

Susie Cope, Pine Bluff, Ark., writes that she recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who have catarrh. She had catarrh to such an extent that she lost her hearing and friends advised her to take this medicine. It cured her, according to her own testimony, more relief than the specialist or any other treatment and restored her hearing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. No substitute for Hood's acts like Hood's — be sure to get Hood's.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. If druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A gasp, a little moan of excruciating pain, a flying of the hands to a wildly throbbing bosom to soften the agony there, a catching of the breath, all, all told that she had been stricken by the deadly lightning of a thought, that was awful in intensity, terrible in significance, deadly in effect—had she not told him the whole history of that turtle—did he not know that it had caused the death of his own mother—

And did he—oh, did he not know what the capture of that turtle meant—and, merciful heavens, did he not know what the reward would be!

And there he was stroking it, fondling it, and all he had to do was to throw it in the bottom of the boat and carry it to her father—to win the prize—her hand!

Oh, the horror of it, oh, the agony of it! oh, the shame of it; how dazed she felt, how —how—then she pulled herself together sharply and applied the stinging lash of pride until her feelings were under full control, and the flush that came from her eyes, and the glow that got into her cheeks —the signal light of danger—and the tossing of her handsome head, and the shake of a sun-tanned hand at the figure of a man now landing on the mill-evil that the ill fly Glenn Marree had taken the bit between her teeth!

But, as yet, it was the bit of pride tempered with defiance, wounded vanity and the loss of much self-esteem. How dared that meddlesome young god to sink a shaft into her heart, that caused her so much pain and distress, and let the other go unscathed; how dared he—but then!

And then for along time after Dan had left and fought a pitched battle with her heart, her feelings and her enmity. She looked out and saw the turtle lying on the log float ashore, and a pang of hatred for the cause of her trouble got into her eyes as she muttered:

"I'll show Bunky Butts that he can kill you now, you horrid old beast, or—or capture you with bread—and his reward; yes, we will arrange that later," and the old turtle was awakened by a laugh that was withering, cold, deadly!

With her heart seething with something that she did not analyze, she wrote a note to Bunky Butts; the next day he received it, and the next afternoon at 5:30 o'clock she was back under the tree to witness the event of it.

As she crouched there she could not overcome a feeling of dread; she had been hasty, foolish, rash, and had let her temper run away with her discretion. And so she waited and waited, and trembled and waited until she saw Dan walk down to the little bank, that he would have had as a change he were in deep thought and his movement were machine like. In a few moments he would come and fetch the turtle, which would consume about fifteen minutes—if he was on time. She looked at her watch and found that he was already seven minutes late, according to the arrangement made with Butts, and her trembling became almost an ague, for Butts would be there at 6:31 to kill the turtle!

Oh, ye gods, what if these two should meet while he was trying to kill the turtle!

With her whole heart in her eyes she fastened them upon Dan; she saw him row slowly up the creek for some hundred yards, saw him turn around, saw the boat turn around and how back to the landing and go up to the turtle.

She gave a sigh of relief which changed into a moan as she saw him go down into the boat and throw the bread into it, which he had forgotten.

Just over yonder by the outside of the track she saw Butts come sauntering along, looking at her, and left as if afraid of being seen.

From the one to the other her frightened eyes glanced, and by a calculation, that was written upon her heart in letters of fire, she saw, that, unless the hand of fate carried the tide, these two men would soon be face to face. And what the consequences of her rash act would be would soon be enacted right under her very eyes.

About the center of the track Butts was making for the sycamore tree, and when within thirty feet of it he stopped and laid his bullet-pouch upon the beaten track so that he would make no noise; then he went down upon his hands and knees and crawled forward, trailing his long, rifle behind him.

Just down there by the little spring where she had so often fished, the little boat is coming like a thing of life, with a great broad back—a target that the poorest marksman could not miss.

Now, Butts is taking aim from behind the sycamore tree, at the turtle which is watching Dan; its two little bead-like eyes snapping in anticipation of a feast.

Would the man never fire—what does he mean by taking such long aim; but he must not—he should not. Dan, the man she would spite—the man she—Dan was in direct range of the rifle!

She could cry out to him; oh, she must—he must save him—and she writhed and tried to rise and rush down to him; but her voice is dead, her limbs would not obey her; and so she threw her apron over her face, and—

Crack!

She hears the echoes reverberating from hill to dell; then a silence that lights the fires of a suspense in her heart that were allied to the tortures of Tantalus; then a grating upon the sand, a shuffling, scuffling sound, and with a moan of anguish she threw the apron down, opened her eyes and, for ten seconds, she was blind—stone blind! But with a will of iron she sat up, looked, and in two men of Herculean build were struggling upon the very edge of the water, in mortal combat. She saw the rifle barrel of the one glint and gleam in the rays of the setting sun as it started down upon a missión of death toward the bared head of the other!

And then—that little seed in her heart grew and grew and expanded, and the blossom was as nectar to her heart and as wormwood to her modesty, for, the fruit thereof was—Love! Aye, grovelling there, in the dust, with the life shot, the end in blood; just there, just then, thus it came to her, and the misery and the pain and the shame of it added fuel to its flames until the horror of it was as cruel as the grave.

Then she saw a big brown hand go up and grasp the rifle barrel; saw the other hand settle around a bearded throat, with a grip of steel—a twisting of the rifle, a short, sharp struggle, an inserting of a knee, a peculiar twisting of the body, a dull splash, and Bunky Butts was ten feet from the bank wrestling in the deep waters of the millpond!

For one moment the tension relaxed from her heart, the next it was reversed—the man would not swim and was drowning in the waters.

Then a big, strong voice came up to her ears with the fragrant flowers of hope:

"Catch hold of the log, man, quick; there to your left—hurry, or you will drown; there, that's it; now hold on to it!"

Sputtering, gasping, he did as he was bidden, and soon his head was resting on it and he looked at the big athlete standing there with folded arms, and a smile upon his lips that was more frightful than a frown.

"I did not know that you could not swim, Mr. Butts, or I would not have thrown you in the creek; quite so far out!"

Quietly, calmly, and almost apologetically, the voice went up to the maiden that was cowering under the old oak tree, and thus she knew that his heart was almost as big as was, for—

"There, take hold of the yawl, Mr. Butts, and I will pull you ashore; there, that's it!

"Look a here, mister, I don't want ter cum out dar till I kin find—out—wat I kin do," explains things; I wouldn't cum here if she—Mis' Ora—hadn't o' writ me a note ter cum an' kill the old trukin, an' I'm re—

"Liar! You low, infamous, infernal liar! She never—say your prayers, you—say 'em, quick; for your time has—she do a thing like that——"

"Say ,wait! Look out thar in my bullet-pouch and you'll find the letter. It's thar; I swar it be!"

She saw Dan stop, hesitate, and then go out and pick up the pouch, take out the note that she had written in pique, madness, or whatever the feeling was, and she felt in her heart that, if he read it, her doom was sealed. That Hercules would become a Jupiter Tonas and hurl a thunderbolt of wrath to strike—where!

Slowly he walked back with the note in his hand unopened, and agal stood at the edge of the water.

"Is—is this it—this the—note?"

Why that quaver in his voice? Why that tremble upon his lip? Why was his face so deathly white, and his hands quivering like an aspen twig?

"Yes, sir, yes; that's it—that's the note she writ ter me, and I——"

"There is some mistake here—that is, it—it was a joke—a—I wrote that note myself, just for a little fun, you know; there, take hold of the boat. Though you had killed a thousand turtles you are perfectly safe from me—now! There you are; I am sorry that you lost your gun; here, take this and buy you——"

"Why, it don't take no hundred dollars ter buy me——"

"Well, take it, all the same; maybe you will want to buy a ring for something else for—somebody."

Then the nobility of the uneducated one shone out like a meteor's flash.

"I can't, and I won't take your money, mister, fer it wouldn't be rite, nor nuthin', an' as for a ring, I ain't got no use fer that, neither; but I'm thankful ter you, all the same, fer the offer on it. My rifle is gone, an' it were a mighty correct gun, an' I hates ter lose it, powerful bad; but—but if you'll give me that there note an' your han' in frien'ship, I'll call it er squar' deal."

With her very life in her eyes, with her heart in a pool on the rack of torture, she looked at Dan and awaited the result. She saw him half unfold the note, saw him waver, saw the terrible fight that he was waging with himself, saw a dark frown upon his brow settle upon his lips in a smile, saw his left hand pass the unread note to Butts, saw their two right hands clasp together in a bond of friendship just above the pot where the bubbles of blood came oozing up from "The Wizard of Glenn Marree!"

Slowly, tremblingly, she arose, as might a sorely wounded fawn, and looked into the blood-stained water—into the hole under the tree and softly whispered to her wildly throbbing heart:

"There it is dead; I see the blood—the horrid blood! Here is a grave—my grave—for, I bury my heart, my life, my love, my all, this day!

"I wrote the note!' Why should he lie for me—for a—a mean, hateful thing like I am! I—I don't deserve it. I used the curb bit of temper when I could have used the snaffle of forbearance just as well, and for it I lose his esteem, his—his—oh, everything!

"Oh, the shame of it; oh, the crime of it; oh, the woe, the misery, the horror of it all! What a mean, miserable, wicked hustler Cupid must be to hook the heart of a—a natural, unbroken, unbridled filly like me to great big Bunky Love with whom I am a balky, headstrong mate that refuses to pull and makes more little me draw all the load!

"I'll not do it, I will not, I'll kick clean out of the traces of this thralldom, I'll take the bit of pride between my teeth and run away and smash the whole fibrication into smithereens. I won't be every body's mate, a record that will lower the championship; I'll win the—the race, or—or—kick out for a thunderbolt, Mr. Daniel Dane Lorenot!"

This interesting and unique story of love and hate will be told to the end south will be continued next week. Ledger readers are requested to read our announcement of free cameras and patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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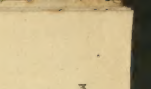

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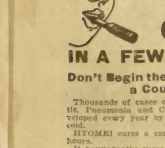

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Coiffures of Pompeii.

On many houses in Pompeii are to be seen small round or square frescoes, from eight to twenty-four inches in size, like medallions, painted on the walls, which portray the faces of people who were probably the owners of the houses in which they are found.

Among the portraits of women are to be found many clearly recognizable as those of grand dames of the period, whose coiffures are of nearly every variety known to the fair sex.

Some of the frescoes are indeed curious. One, for instance, shows the half figure of a woman who wears a handkerchief-like veil, knotted across one eye. Above this her hair is piled high on the head, in others it rises in studied disorder. Then there are those of hair hanging over the shoulders; there are fringes and curls on the forehead, and below all these, in the center, passing in heavy folds close to the temples and over the ears, so as to keep it bound up in a net of gold thread. Some have delicate veils; golden fillets bind back the raven locks of others, either en masse or waved in little ridges.

Many of the coiffures are peculiarly pleasing, and even modern in their charm. Especially interesting are the pearly coral and pearl earrings which shine from under the masses of luxuriant hair. A few are coral and gold pendants, others are simple drops, but all seem proportioned to the styles in which the hair is arranged.

West Baden Springs.

Now is the time to take a rest. Go down to West Baden or French Lick Springs, on the Monon Route. Nothing like it. Through sleeper. City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.

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First Boarder—I wonder what makes this strawberry shortcake so heavy?

Second Boarder—Oh, I suppose it isn't the weight of the strawberries on top, anyhow.

His Regret.

Mamma—You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy she does it for his good.

Johnny—I wish you didn't think quite so much of me.

Every man who isn't prominent imagines he will be some day.

THE FATAL THUMB MARK.

A Sign Manual in Blood---The Strange Fulfillment of a Curse---Out of the Shadow of Doom.

By ANNIE L. SMITH.
(Copyright, 1900.)

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CHAPTER V.
THE SHADOW OF DOOM.

Both Hugh Vane and Lavonne recoiled, as well they might, from so unexpected an apparition, while David Gray stood, his face working with passion, his basilisk gaze darting from one face to the other.

It was decidedly a striking tableau, a strange scene for a novel, the boards of a first-rate theater.

The pretty girl stood facing her uncle, her small, piquant face, always pale, was blanched to a dead whiteness now, but the great dusky eyes that met those sinister glances flashed with defiance and she held her small head dauntlessly erect.

One moment they stood, silently regarding each other, then the rage flaming in that withered breast burst all bounds.

"What does this mean, niece? Who is this—this rascal?"

"I decline to answer such an insulting question! There is no rascal present—unless—"

"Stop, minx! Ingrate!" squealed the miser, "I have no need to ask—his face declares his paternity—the living image of my hated rival, and—young viper, you come here to poison my niece against me! You quite forget that I am her guardian—that I have both law and right on my side!"

His eyes glowed with a red, evil fire, his thin lips writhed and mouthed over the toothless gums.

"Thief! You come of a bad stock, Hugh Vane—if that's what you call yourself—bad stock; there's been bad blood in the Vane family; doubtless Priscilla Vane imagined it would be a fine thing for you—a nameless beggar—to come here and steal my heiress! He, he! I have overheard every word you have uttered, Hugh Vane! Faugh! A man with not the shadow of a claim even to the name you bear, who believes the trumped-up story of a legal marriage! Where is the proof? Your father was a villain, your mother a——"

"Stop!" he thundered, in a voice that made even the old miser quail; "do not dare to assail my mother's fair name, but by so much as another word, and I your guardian—your legal grandson though I am—I'll lay you dead at my feet; I swear it!"

David Gray stared straight at the young man, towering above him, a descendant of which any grandsire might be proud; tall, handsome, with brilliant black eyes, square, smooth brow, clearly-cut features, a magnificent growth of dark, shining hair, and an olive complexion, tanned a golden-brown during his recent campaign in Cuba.

It was his rival, Hugh Vane, standing there before him, in form and feature, but his daughter's eyes looked out from that handsome face, stern, menacing, and for an instant his shrivelled eyelids drooped, his lips twitched nervously.

"And so it was your hand that tore the leaf from the marriage register? Devil, you stand confessed! you have the over-reaching yourself!" the young man continued, "what fiend prompted you to blot from your daughter's memory? Was it not enough that you cast her off, suffered her to die in abject poverty, because, forsooth, she married the man of her choice, and to crown the measure of your iniquity you stole the record of her marriage. What could you gain by such an outrage as that?"

"Who said anything about a register? If there was ever such a record—ever such a marriage contracted between—between Estelle Gray and Hugh Vane, I know nothing of it. How dare you insinuate that I stole it? provided there was ever such an entry made; but enough of this; now, hear me out," as Hugh opened his lips, "Lavonne Gray shall never have a penny of my hard-earned money. Beggar, here's my will; you see it, don't you? The will that made my niece my heiress—which gave to Lavonne Gray my careful savings—and so I destroy it!"

His shrivelled hand opened to a lengthened claw, and the paper, signed, sealed, and delivered, fluttered down upon the smouldering coals. For an instant the flames curled and writhed wildly, then crackled and broke into a tongue of flame which licked about it like a fiery serpent, blazed up in a lurid sheet, then died away, leaving naught but a white ashen mass settled upon the dull red hearth.

"Your hopes end in smoke, young man; now, will you marry my discarded niece—a penniless beggar, remember that, for I shall never relent, never!" almost shrieked the infuriated man.

"I care nothing for your wealth, and I will marry Lavonne Gray tomorrow; Priscilla will consent," returned Hugh, calmly.

"But suppose I refuse consent, I have that privilege," returned the miser, malignantly, "Marry her, if you dare. I have a right to dispose of my own, and she shall never, never, have one farthing of it! You shall not be the slightest difference; you forget that for the last twenty-four hours you have been my wife's mistress—of an age to marry without your consent; besides, you have never been appointed her guardian."

"I'll sue you for her board and clothing; six years' support is worth a fortune, and pretty little figure it will make, he, he!" suggested the old man.

"In that matter you will suit your pleasure; but remember law is an expensive luxury, a very expensive luxury," muttered Hugh, with the exact intonation of the old miser who detected a smile in the young man's lips, while David Grays' face whitened with rage.

"Leave my house, sir, this moment, and never again dare cross the threshold of my premises. Take that artful minx with you, both the ungrateful baggage. You were both plotting on my speedy death, but you'll gain nothing—nothing!"

Hugh smiled contemptuously.

"I have absolutely not a sixpence for your hoard, David Gray," he said. "Make Alanson Clinch your heir, if you like, Lavonne has his title, or ever call you grandfather; you have forfeited all claim to my filial respect. Come, Lavonne, darling, let us go. Priscilla will welcome you."

"Alanson Clinch shall never have my money to squander; tomorrow I will execute a new will, and—" as Lavonne turned to Adam Clinch—old Adam Clinch. They call him a miser; he will hoard it carefully; yes, viper, scoundrel, if I should die before I sign, will you'd put in your claim as my grandson? but I'll form and feature, but I'll form and feature, but I'll foreswear myself first. Yes, tomorrow, I'll make my will, cutting off Lavonne and giving all to Adam Clinch, as somebody has said, 'to buy a halter,' you are safe enough yourself!"

"And so poor Dick repplied to the benevolent intentions of his father. 'May heaven forgive you for your wicked lie, over-reaching self,'" laughed Hugh.

"You think I am too feeble to put my threat in execution, but neither heaven or the hell about which fools prate shall hinder me," screamed the old man, his face working with rage at his grandson's disregard, and shaking his withered hand menacingly, "I'll give Adam Clinch every penny of it in spite of all the powers of heaven, earth, and——"

"Hold, uncle," interrupted Lavonne; "don't utter such horrible blasphemies; it frightens me. Don't make me a shudder to scan rises you may be numbered with the dead. God grant that the blasphemy you may spare your life to make such a will as you choose, but to hear a shudder to hear such dreadful words from your lips."

"Ho, ho! Old David Gray will live many a long year yet—live long enough to see you grovel in poverty; never fear, and now I have had enough of your business. Leave my house this instant! Begone, both of you!"

Without reply Lavonne took the tatered shawl hanging upon a nail and wrapped it about her shoulders. It was the remnant of what had been her Aunt Esther's wrap long ago, and the girl's skinny hand grasped it, dragging it from her hands.

"Don't be a fool!" he exclaimed, harshly, "that shawl is mine!"

"Take it, old man," answered Hugh, as he drew his short cloak from his broad shoulders and wrapped it about the trembling girl, "this muffler will serve as a hood."

He opened the door, letting in a rush of damp air from the draughty hall.

"Good-by, uncle," faltered Lavonne, as she stood for a moment upon the threshold, "may every good attend you, and God grant——"

"And my curse with you! Begone!" screeched the old miser, doubling his fist and shaking it threateningly, as the door closed, then the outer door swung on its hinges, fell back with a clang, and David Gray was alone.

"Yes, my curse go with them both," he muttered, vindictively, "it will cling, just as it did to her—Esther. I wonder if there's a chill in the air. I feel cold—a shudder as if someone was walking over my grave. But I'll make a will that will be—tomorrow—yes, tomorrow I'll make a will. I'll leave everything to old Adam Clinch. No, no, not everything. Even he shall not fatten on more than I can help. I'll secrete the gold and diamonds, they don't dream of the diamonds and gold, none except my graceless niece and that vagabond lover. I'll not acknowledge him as my grandson, and yet, if I should die tonight, he would be my heir. Die! I won't die and I'll make my will tomorrow!" he almost screamed, "and neither Hugh Vane nor Adanson Brent—curse them—shall touch a penny!"

Outside the March wind blew wildly, the rain fell in a steady downpour upon a crouching just beside the sash—the evil looking man muffled to the glowering eyes in a long cape, pulled low and pulled over his eyes, a burly figure buttoned tightly in a greatcoat, shining with the tiny rills trickling over its surface, the embodiment of a slimy leech thirst for blood!

Satan himself, thinking over a lost human soul could not look more exultant.

"Glad to get rid of David Gray," he whispered, gratingly, "you will never see tomorrow's sun. Your doom is sealed!

"Your diamonds and gold are mine!"

CHAPTER VI.
THE MISER'S CURSE.

David Gray saw nothing of the wolfish eyes glaring at him as he hobbled into his den, muttering and mowing to himself, then made his way straight to the hard pallet he called a bed, dragged it from the wall, the yellow gold and the bag of diamonds were deposited, and then with that he might reach them at any moment, but concealed beneath a heap of rags and bits of leather.

Returning to the window, he drew out a box and bag, and crossing to the open grate he knelt down, and with a sharp knife cut a portion of a panel—a thick, oaken plank, but David Gray possessed a dark nicks, some three feet wide, deep and high, the portion of granite, the sides and upper portion of which were cut clean, and the oaken panel being faced upon the inner side with a layer of granite, so the concealed niche the old man managed to place the treasure in was quite clear.

"I'd hidden my money and jewels here, and I knew of the existence of so secure a safe," he muttered, "it must have been a special Providence that led me to make the discovery when I was a boy. Then I heaped the golden coin and began to probe every chink and cranny, but the old hands stone—a special Providence. Formals will be used for many a long year, and should I die, no one will find the treasure but my heiress!"

He stopped out beside the dying fire, removed his tattered dressing gown, and crept back to bed.

Again the dread feeling crept over him—a terror for which he could not account.

"Ugh! I feel as if some horrible presence were hovering over me—a sense of impending—of—of—I'll be—I'll be whispered as he drew the patched coverlet about his thin shoulders, "I'll be—I'll be—is that an inverted sense warning me of evil? But, pshaw! I'm not going to die, I'll make my will in the morning, I'll secure my treasure for

often de curls jes' too lubby fo' anyfing? Cut 'em off, or it don't make no fesh mo' young sa'in; 'minds me oh dat day when I wo'n' de wreath o' orange blossoms on yo' head. Dar, now, Miss Silby, I'se done been an' made yo' cry. I nevah 'members what I fo'gets an' 'deed, honey, does yer s'pose dey'll done fetch bad luck?"

In Miss Priscilla's private apartment at Genochio's, Lavorne Gray sat robed for her bridal, while old Cynthia, under the supervision of her mistress, arranged the costly robe of glistening silk and filmy lace, which, twenty years before, had adorned the lovely maiden, waiting for the bridegroom whom death had already claimed.

"Pears like I'se allus makin' blunders. I 'lows my ole mammy made a dreffle blunder when I was bawn, anyway. 'Scuse ole Cynthia. I didn't go fo' ter make yo' cry; 'deed, didn't I, honey?"

"It is cruel in me to wear the gown which must revive such painful memories, dear, Miss Priscilla!" exclaimed Lavonne, in a distressed tone, "let me wear some other dress; please do!" and the girl rose and threw her arms about the neck of the delicate woman, whose blue eyes were suffused with tears.

"No, no, my darling," whispered Miss Priscilla, with a little catch in her breath, as she folded Lavonne in her arms and pressed a kiss upon the tender lips, holding her off with she looked down into the blushing face she was already learning to love; "call me auntie, my child; in a few brief moments I shall be that, you know, dear. There is Hugh now; he is getting impatient. God bless you and make your future life as happy as the opening years have been miserable and desolate."

There was a tap at the door, impatient Hugh had come for his bride, in the parlor the clergyman was in waiting, and leaning upon the strong arm of her handsome, proud bridegroom, Lavonne descended the staircase.

Hugh led her forward and the next moment she was standing before the clergyman, listening, as in a dream, to the grave, kindly voice, as in a dream she was taking the solemn vow that bound her to the man at her side, whose handclasp was so strong and yet so tender, and listening to Hugh's clear, deep voice, as he responded, and then the ring was slipped upon her finger, and she heard faintly and afar off, the solemn words:

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," and knew that she was Hugh Vane's wife.

There was a little bustle and the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall and as Hugh bent and pressed a husband's kiss upon the lips of his bride, a heavy rap sounded on the door.

A servant entered, bearing a card.

"Fo' Maree Vane," Scip said, crossing the room and placing the bit of pasteboard in Hugh's hand.

"John Brackett, Sheriff for Harrison County," he read aloud. "I have not the honor of his acquaintance; what can he want of me?"

"Take the card back to the gentleman, Scip, and tell him there is some mistake."

"Deed, Maree Vane, dar am no mistake, sah! Maree Brackett say 'stinct yo' de business am wid yo', say he am berry sorry to 'sturb yo' dis' 'casion fo' mint, suh, but it's woldable," persisted Scip. "He foolin', I low."

"Show him in—or, stay, I'll step into the hall," Hugh answered.

But, even with delay, Sheriff Brackett had opened the door and stood upon the threshold, a perplexed, uneasy expression on his rugged face as he advanced to where the bridal party was standing.

He bowed respectfully to the company and turned to the bridegroom:

"I believe you are Mr. Vane—Hugh Vane," he said, addressing Hugh.

"Hugh Vane, yes, nay I ask what business you can possibly have with me—a stranger?" Hugh asked, rather haughtily.

Mr. Brackett glanced uneasily from the face of the bride to Miss Vane, who had risen, and was standing like Lavonne.

There was a look of wonder, and annoyance in Hugh's dark eyes, but not a shadow of consumption or guilt on the handsome, haughty face.

"My business—shem! My business is of a pressing nature," began the officer, coughing, tersely.

"Then why not attend to it without further circumlocution?" questioned Hugh, tersely.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I must do my duty," exclaimed Brackett, as he laid his hand heavily on Hugh's shoulder. "Hugh Vane, I arrest you on the charge of murder—the murder of David Gray. You are my prisoner!"

As the terrible words left his lips, Lavonne sank unconscious in Miss Priscilla's arms.

There was an exclamation from the assembled guests, the pallor of death crept over Miss Priscilla's delicate features, but Hugh stood off the officer's hand and waved squarely about, facing him; his own face had flushed angrily, then paled, but in his face was only an expression of utter amaze.

"David Gray? Do you mean to tell me that my grandfather is dead?" he asked, hoarsely. "Why, only last night he was in his usual health. Dead, and you say—"

"Dead—murdered—foully murdered, while he slept."

"Murdered!" Hugh repeated the word in a half whisper, looking steadily in the officer's eyes. "Good God! I saw him alive and well at nine o'clock."

"Excuse me," interrupted Brackett. "You admit that you were at Fernvale last night?"

"Certainly, but murdered—I cannot realize it. I was aware that anyone knew of my visit to Fernvale. When was he murdered?"

"Some time before day-dawn, it is likely, the body was cold and stiff when it was discovered, weltering in blood, and about ten o'clock this morning when the tax collector made his way into the house through the open door."

"In heaven's name, why should I be suspected of such a crime? I had no particular affection for my grandfather, but murder him! Preposterous!" exclaimed Hugh, indignantly.

"No, no!" moaned Miss Priscilla, in anguished whisper. "My noble boy is not guilty, though all the world should accuse him, I'll believe him innocent!"

"Your glove was found in a pool of blood beside the body; the initials, 'H. V.' plainly marked upon the lining; if you can prove an alibi, which is to be hoped, no one will be more pleased than I. Meantime, allow me to request you to follow me quietly."

Even as he spoke, he had suddenly grasped the prisoner's arms, there was a click of steel and Hugh stood ,manacled before the guests.

He turned a pale, convulsed face towards the spot where Lavonne lay, white and limp in the aunt's arms, at least the power of speaking.

So utterly dazed and confounded Hugh had been, that for the moment he forgot everything save the astounding charge, but now he turned with a drawn, stern face towards his unconscious wife.

"God pity you, my darling my wife," he whispered, brokenly; "it is better so—the sight of these wretches would have killed you; care for her, Aunt Priscilla, they will not be able to sustain the monstrous charge. Good-by for the present, I shall soon return."

He pressed his lips to Miss Priscilla's forehead, almost reverently, a shower of kisses fell upon Lavonne's white, unconscious face, and then he turned to the officer:

"Lead on, I am ready."

They were gone, Sheriff Brackett and his prisoner, and in a moment the roll of carriage wheels told that Hugh Vane was on his way to a prison cell.

"God have mercy!" prayed the miserable man.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SIGN-MANUAL IN BLOOD.

The inquest upon the body of David Gray was held on the morrow. Rapidly the news had spread, and a throng had gathered within the grounds at Fernvale.

A gentleman—a real thoroughbred—was to be tried for the murder of his own man, his grandfather, for the truth had transpired, and there was not among the older citizens who remembered Esther Gray and the circumstances of her disappearance, but deed had been done out of revenge, there was no doubt of that, besides the prisoner was heir to the victim's wealth and misery, which was said to be immense. The excitement was intense.

The tax collector, Jacob Snyder, was the first witness called. He told his story, concerning the finding of the body. With a straightforwardness that admitted of little cross-examination.

He had been astonished to find the front entrance to the house wide open, had piled the brass knocker vigorously, eliciting no response, and finally he had entered the hall and made his way to the sitting room, where he found everything in confusion, and straight from the door of the adjoining bedchamber the marks of bloody footprints led to the hall. Following these he made his way to the entrance, almost fainting with fear as he beheld the scene within—upon the bed lay the mangled form of David Gray, a gaping wound in the wrinkled throat, a pool of clotted blood upon the floor, the sheets, coverlets and garments of the victim dyed red, blood-stains upon the floor, beside the bed, a glove, dabbled in the blood of the victim.

Next the officers of the police court gave testimony concerning the notification given them by Snyder, and then the medical examiner gave his testimony as to the cause and manner of the death.

He had examined the body, found that death was caused by a wound in the throat, severing the jugular vein and windpipe; the victim had died from the hemorrhage which would cause almost instant death.

The case was clear and Hugh was held to appear before the grand jury.

Weeks had passed since his committal by the grand jury and the day of trial came at last. At an early hour the court room was crowded. Mr. Johnson, an able lawyer, celebrated for his skill in the criminal courts, had been retained for the defense. Mr. Morton, district attorney, conducted the prosecution.

After the preliminary opening of the court Mr. Morton arose, in behalf of the government, to address the court. The address was elaborate, somewhat lengthy, telling heavily against the prisoner. Concisely and forcibly he summed up the evidence bearing upon the case, and proceeded to summon the witnesses.

But nothing new was elicited, although each in turn underwent an exhaustive cross-examination. And here the case for the prosecution rested.

Mr. Johnson rose for the defense, with the air of one who did not admit of even a doubt in his mind. He would with the permission of the court, call his witnesses, and then, he felt certain he could produce positive proof of the murder had been committed by another and with a confident smile he took his seat.

Lavonne was next placed on the stand and her testimony served only to fix the facts admitted by the prisoner; that on the evening previous to the murder Hugh Vane had visited Fernvale, that high words had passed between her uncle and the prisoner—how her husband—that she had left the house, accompanied by Hugh, after being ordered from Fernvale, that both had walked to the city, and after placing her in charge of her aunt, Hugh had retired, as usual; during the morning hours she had been occupied in preparations for the marriage which took place shortly after lunch. That was all, and in pity of her youth and position, she was allowed to step down from the witness box without cross-examination.

Miss Vane could only corroborate the statements of Hugh Vane's wife and that of the servant, in his favor that could be brought, except the testimony of the hotel clerk, who had been the prisoner to enter the corridor of the hotel at a late hour, accompanied by the young lady whom he had made his wife, and the evidence of the chamber maid, who had seen the prisoner and his uncle in a room very late—eleven, she was sure—she had heard the clock strike at noon later. He had closed the door, and she heard the key turn in the lock as she passed the corridor on her way to her own room.

A murmur of expectancy thrilled like a wave in the deathlike silence as Mr. Johnson again arose, that peculiar smile upon his mobile face.

By his request the glove was produced; in a proper withdrawal acknowledged it as his property, and that he had missed it before he left the Fernvale grounds, but had preferred losing it to a return to the mansion.

With easy confidence the young advocate took the glove in his hand, placed it upon the desk, and proceeded to bandage one of his slender white fingers tightly.

The crowd watched him curiously, those in the rear rising, those in front craning their necks to view the strange proceeding.

Making a slight puncture in the empurpled finger tip he allowed a drop of blood to escape. Then he took pen and ink and spoke blandly:

"Mr. Vane, will you do me the favor to besmear your right thumb—the ball—in this blood?"

In the deep silence a pin might have been heard to drop.

Hugh Vane rose, and without a word complied with the strange request.

"And now, will you press your thumb upon the sheet of paper in a manner to leave a perfect impress?" was the next request in a tone of command.

In a moment the impress of a bloody thumb was upon the paper, and the attorney resumed his seat.

"There, gentlemen of the jury, I wish you to thoroughly examine that impression, made by the thumb of the prisoner—made in blood."

Drawing a magnifying glass from his case he passed it to the foreman, together with the paper.

One after another made the examination, amid a silence that could be felt.

What did it all portend? What was this juggling? Counsel, officers and all the questions in their minds, while twelve men went through the required process, and the paper was returned to the young advocate, who now raised the glove.

"Upon this glove there is also a mark—the imprint of a human thumb—the thumb of the murderer of David Gray—a large, coarse hand; not the broadened lines; mark it well and tell me if there is the slightest mark like the delicate tracery left by the imprint of my client's hand? Gentlemen, it is a well-established fact that no two human thumbs make the same impression—right and the left thumbs in the same individual differ widely. If you have the slightest doubt on that subject, let the truth be demonstrated, here and now, as it can easily be. Are you satisfied of the jury?" The coarse-veined mark, now dry and brown upon the smooth white lining of the glove was noticed first by the man who made the fearful discovery of the murder; it had been examined by Mr. Corwin and his assistants before the body was removed—by my learned readers, he has guessed, but all failed to gather the important clue. I remember the statement concerning the great difference in the markings upon the human hand, first brought to my attention by a professor of chemistry three years ago, and since that time I have made many comparisons, and with the same result—they are alike."

Eagerly twelve pairs of eyes examined the telltale mark, comparing it with the impression upon the paper, and one by one the stern faces cleared, perceptibly.

"That gentlemen of the jury, is the sign manual of the murderer, written in the blood of his victim," exclaimed the young advocate, in a ringing tone, "no further proof is needed besides this silent, but powerful witness."

A bustle near the door interrupted his speech.

"Is my further proof is needed it is here!"

The commanding voice rang out, as a man made his way through the crowd, followed by sheer force of hands and elbows.

"Hugh Vane is innocent! I bring the proofs! Make way there!"

As he removed his hat a murmur went up from the spectators:

"Father Bowles!"

It was, indeed, the major, a man well known in the city, and certainly not a timid one, who had come to the rescue.

There was a sort of horrified gasp, a half hiss.

Was he, one of their most influential citizens, guilty of the murder of David Gray?

CHAPTER IX.

THE CURSE FULFILLED.

"Order!"

The stentorian voice of the Crier echoed back from the walls, and in the deep silence that followed, the words of the oath were distinctly audible.

"You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God!"

"I do."

Rapidly Major Goodwin told the story he

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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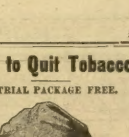

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THE INDIAN SLAYER.

Love and Peril in the Niobrara Valley---Days of Danger and Nights of Fear---A Red Revenge.

By L. C. DOWNING-THROW.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Midnight came. The camp in the hills was wrapped in darkness, save for one solitary fire at the lower end, and no one saw the dark figure that crept from shadow to shadow as Gordon lay sleeping peacefully, for the first time since his captivity.

Suddenly he started up, wide awake.

"Father!"

Was it but a dream, or had he heard that call? Again the voice came:

"Father!"

Yes, it was no dream.

"Father!" Nearer this time.

"Donald!"

"A hand touched him, he put up his arms, and father and son were clasped in a close embrace.

"Father, I knew I would find you!"

"Don, my boy! My son!"

A moment of intense joy followed, then the father asked anxiously:

"Donald, your mother?"

"Mother has been very ill, but will get well with your return, I am sure, father."

"Ill, Donald?"

"Yes, I'll explain now, father. Mr. Harman is near and we are going to take you away if it is possible. But you have been sick, father?"

My leg was broken by a bullet. Hush! Don, or we will be heard. I, too, will soon be well when I get home again."

Donald, who had been still, listened a moment, then crept away toward the cliff behind the camp. He returned in a few moments with Mr. Harman and the two neighbors clasped hands.

"I'm sorry to see you this way, Neighbor Gordon, but me and Don'll git ye out all right, never ye fear. Them redskins hain't very cautious, or this chance'd never been given us."

"Donald, do you know that I'm not the only white person in this camp?"

"Other prisoners, do you mean, father?"

"Well, not exactly prisoners, though it amounts to the same thing."

In a few words he told them of the position of Mr. Darrosa and his family, as he understood it. Donald could hardly restrain a cry of horror as he learned to whom his father referred.

"Do you think the Indians are to be trusted, father? Might they not be deceiving Mr. Darrosa? It is the strangest thing to me, after this warning I gave him, that he should be caught in such a way. I can't understand it. I won't let Lyn go at this, father. After I have got you out of harm's way I'll come back and see Gloy---Miss Darrosa." Even in the darkness the flush mounted to his cheek as he spoke her name.

"And, I also will come to help her away also."

"You'd better see her first, Donald. It will be difficult to help me away and there is every chance of discovery in doing so. Get her out of harm's way first, then, if all goes well, come back for me."

"Never!" said Donald decidedly. "My first duty is to you."

This conversation had been carried on in the most guarded whispers, while Mr. Harman kept watch, but now, just as they both rose to fight the wounded man and carry him forth into the night, sounds of the wildest commotion came from the camp without.

They had been discovered. was the thought that flashed through the minds of both as they grasped their revolvers with grim determination. Steps sounded near, and both stood back-to-back prepared to fight to the death. There were shouts and whoops, torches flared, and dogs barked clamorously. But the steps passed rapidly by the tent, the light of the flashing torches grew dimmer---they were passing into the distance.

Harman sprang to the door and looked out.

"The braves is comin' in!" he exclaimed, just as a chorus of whoops came echoing up the valley. "Now's our time, Don!" The white band has turned out to meet them."

They lifted the wounded man and carried him forth between the now empty tents of the savages, through the deserted streets and out into the dark pass. Moving as rapidly as Mr. Gordon's wounds would permit, they were soon far beyond the rejoicing camp, whose whoops and yells came floating to them on the night air. With slow, careful steps they began to climb the hill. Mr. Gordon had always been an active man. His frame was strong and compact, and his weight was no easy thing to carry up that ascent, as both Mr. Harman and Donald found out. They were compelled to stop and rest every few moments.

The pain to Mr. Gordon was excruciating, yet he bore it without a murmur. The ascent of the hill was finally accomplished, and now they began to descend. They had left their ponies in a sheltered spot in the valley, to which they were now descending.

Donald had cast many wistful glances back toward the camp of the savages. He knew it would be useless to attempt to enter the camp for some time, now that the raiders had arrived, but he didn't give up the hope of seeing and helping Gloy Darrons. He would get his wounded father to a place of safety and then return.

The ponies were found just where they had been left. No one had entered the valley since they had left it.

"Yer father kin never ride a pony in the condition he's in. What shall we do, Donald?"

"I was just thinking, Mr. Harman. There is but one way that I can see. We must carry him until we get out on the level plain. We can lay him on a saddle blanket. 'Twill be easier for him and more readily transported. Then, when we get out of these hills, swing the blanket between two of the ponies."

"That'll have to do, I guess. I don't see no better way. One of us will have to walk between the ponies to keep the blanket from in' up too close together."

Without further parley, Donald secured a stout saddle blanket and they lifted Mr. Gordon and placed him upon it.

"We might have had a buffalo robe," laughed Mr. Gordon, "on which to carry me, if I had not been shot while at the bath. My bed was a robe spread upon the ground. You'd brought me to Niobrara to cure lead investing. Before that, I slept without cover. I thought to have had that robe as a compensense for all our troubles. Don't you think so, Neighbor Harman?"

Mr. Gordon spoke in a laughing tone, but Donald clenched his hands as he thought of his father's bandage.

"Well, if you say so," replied Mr. Harman, "I'm sorry ye didn't git it."

While his father was speaking, Donald had taken a blanket from his own pony and this he now carefully spread over that of his father.

There is a cold east wind blowing now," remarked Don. "I shouldn't wonder if we had rain by morning."

"Let it rain before it. These yere east winds allus bring high water. Shouldn't wonder if the Niobrary would be up and boomin' before many days."

They took up their march, leading the three ponies, for they had brought an extra one in anticipation of Mr. Gordon's rescue. As they neared the mouth of the valley, where they would soon have to take to the open, they paused to reconnoiter. Finally halted altogether, while Harman crept forward on ahead. Some minutes passed, and Donald was beginning to feel a little uneasy, when the scout returned.

"We've got ter go mighty keerful, Donal'," he said. "Ther redskins is scourin' their trail for hosses or sign. I reckon they've got the best leave yer father hyere and you and me kin git through and lead the ponies beyond. Then we kin come back fer yer father."

So it was agreed. It would be best to get the ponies far away from the Indians before they left them and ran the risk of their neighings might attract the attention of the savages. Mr. Harman crept on to the mouth of the valley, then in the shelter of the valley, then on the wild plain, while Donald led him in a whisper, high above the pass. Then Mr. Harman took two ponies and Donald led his father's pony and the third. The scout had loaned him. Cautiously they moved forward---how long it seemed to the anxious watchers, while they were out on the plain, stealing cautiously, stealthily---a word or even a false step would precipitate about them a mob of howling, whooping fiends.

But the ponies moved on, and finally to spring out into their very midst. Their course was back on their own trail. They had followed the windings of the Niobrara from the Johnson ranch to the valley, and from there they followed the same course as that taken by the three braves who had been sent to reconnoiter, but not reach the camp in the hills. It was a roundabout course, but the only one.

Goodman's ranch, the destination of our party, lay twenty miles away.

The night had passed by and still Mr. Gordon lay alone in the shelt or rock in the valley. But it was not until the return of the two very soon, for they would be obliged to take the ponies beyond the patrol of the Indians.

And this they had had to do, and had accomplished in safety. Their return to the valley was more rapidly, but as stealthily as possible.

Mr. Gordon was greatly relieved at their return. They had been gone so long that he had begun to fear for them and wanted to share their danger or peril, whatever it might be. They were soon on the more perilous part of their journey. There would be no more rest for them, no sleep or food, it would be fight to the death.

It is necessary for us to follow them in that long and tedious walk, but suffice it to say that they reached the place where the ponies had been left and were soon on their way to Goodman's ranch.

Mr. Gordon was swung between two of the ponies, as agreed upon, while Donald walked by them to keep the ponies from crowding upon his father. Though the ground here was comparatively level, the position was a trying and painful one.

"Father, I wish I could bear it for you," whispered Donald, pityingly, as he caught the sound of a faint sigh.

"Thank you, Don, but that sigh was one of thanksgiving, rather than one of pain," answered his father.

Another mile was passed and they were moving silently, when suddenly there rang out on the damp, raw air a startling:

"Halt!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Captain Yates, with thirty members of Troop A and thirty-five of Troop B, of the ---th Cavalry, from Fort Niobrara, pressed to the westward with all haste. He had turned southward toward the lakes and the North Loup, as advised by the messenger sent back by Lieutenant Greerson at the instigation of the two renegades, Joe Foster and Ben Wilson. Again he turned as the second messenger overtook him, with the tidings of the false report and the peril of the Johnsons and with greater speed crossed the intervening prairie.

When night overtook them, they still traveled on, up until 10 o'clock, and were now on the march by daylight. Striker had not long left the deserted camp of the renegades, carrying word Lieutenant Greerson, when Captain Yates, at the head of Troops A and B, passed by in flying fire.

Then, with all speed, they hastened on.

Mr. Striker paused not for a moment. Several miles yet lay between him and his destination. The fellows were wrought up to a high pitch, he seemed but waiting---waiting. For what?

With head bent and thoughts far away, he skimmed across the prairie on his Sioux pony. As the moments passed by, he suddenly remembered himself and looked about, to find, with a sudden start, that he was in a strange territory. He halted his pony and looked about. Way back along the trail the forms of the Niobrara, of which he had been abreast when last conscious of his surroundings.

Then he looked ahead. A long, low hill of the rolling prairie stretched across his path. The faintly marked trail wound up its grass grown side, and---yes! Surely those were horsemen on the trail, making for the summit of the hill. Perhaps they were the party of cavalry under the young lieutenant.

Striker took from his pocket a small but powerful field glass and brought it to bear upon the figures in question.

"Joe and Ben, as I live!" he exclaimed. "They seem to be in a very unjustified hurry. Trying to get out of sight, to all appearances. Why! What is that between them? A boy! And his hands tied behind him! And---yes, the fiends! He's tied to their saddles. There, he has stumbled and fallen! Oh, the devils! They murder him before I can get there!"

He spurred his pony in rapid pursuit. The renegades saw him coming and Joe jerked harder on the ropes that held the helpless boy.

"Shoot the cuss, Joe!" cried Ben.

"Not much, Ben!" replied Joe savagely. "This yere feller goes with me to camp, or wounded. If the Niobrary would be up and boomin' before many days."

They took up their march, leading the three ponies, for they had brought an extra one in anticipation of Mr. Gordon's rescue. As they neared the mouth of the valley, where they would soon have to take to the open, they paused to reconnoiter. Finally halted altogether, while Harman crept forward on ahead. Some minutes passed, and Donald was beginning to feel a little uneasy, when the scout returned.

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Mr. Gordon was greatly relieved at their return. They had been gone so long that he had begun to fear for them and wanted to share their danger or peril, whatever it might be. They were soon on the more perilous part of their journey. There would be no more rest for them, no sleep or food, it would be fight to the death.

It is necessary for us to follow them in that long and tedious walk, but suffice it to say that they reached the place where the ponies had been left and were soon on their way to Goodman's ranch.

Mr. Gordon was swung between two of the ponies, as agreed upon, while Donald walked by them to keep the ponies from crowding upon his father. Though the ground here was comparatively level, the position was a trying and painful one.

"Father, I wish I could bear it for you," who had supposed that he could influence his partner in many crimes, gave a quick look on the rope that held the boy to the saddle, when he saw Ben's purpose. Harlan toppled over and the bullet spent itself in space.

Ben's face was aflame with anger as he raised it toward Joe. There was murder in his eye and murder in his thoughts, which were read by his partner. Two revolvers gleamed in the morning sunlight, two reports rang out, one following the other in a second's space of time---but that second decided the fate of the renegades.

Ben fell, clutching at the empty air.

"I reckon you, Joe Foster," he gasped, then his eyes glazed, his breath rattled in his throat, he lay silent, motionless.

"Thar," said Joe, presently, "Guess ye won't undertake to buck up again me again, Ben Wilson. Outer ther hoss ye go, Johnson. I said ye war goin' with me, and I reckon ye air."

With a powerful swing he lifted the frail boy onto the pony of the murdered man and they rode over the brow of the hill together, just as Striker reached its foot.

Striker had been near enough to witness the scene of the fight, but, of course, could not know its full significance. He dismounted and crept toward the summit of the hill, keeping behind rocks and bushes. He knew he had a desperate man to deal with, and was resolved that his enemy should not get the drop on him.

Joe had dismounted as soon as the summit of the hill had been reached and led his pony and that on which Harlan sat, to a tree, then crept cautiously back to the summit.

"I'll git that feller's hide," he gritted between his teeth. "I know he wan't round these parts for nothin'. He's been a-follerin' me, but I reckon he'll git his last mile."

He undrew his rifle, looked to see that it was loaded and in good order, then crept stealthily back to the brow of the hill where he could overlook the trail.

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Indian Slayer.

(Continued.)

"He's snuck up ermong ther bushes and rocks, sean'ev' cuss him!"

He waited in silence for a few moments, while his keen eyes took in every possible lurking place on the side of the hill.

Harlan watched him with fascinated eyes, his thoughts in confusion.

"Thar! I'm sure I seen that bush move. Cuss ther luck! Why didn't I have my rifle ready?" He determined not to be caught again, and up went his rifle, ready for instant use.

Harlan's heart turned cold at the movement. A thought flashed through his mind. "It's death anyhow," he half whispered, then his voice, so like a girl's, rose, clear and crisp as a bell, and was wafted over the summit and went echoing down the hill:

"Go back! Go back! It's death to come forward!"

Joe's face, aflame with passion, turned on him and, but for the warning it would give to Striker, he would have sent a bullet crashing through the brain of the courageous boy, but the look that he gave Harlan sent a shadow through his heart.

Striker heard and understood, and his suspicions were confirmed. He was crouching behind a huge boulder, where he had crept from the bush which Joe had seen stirring. He kept quite still for a few moments, then a triumphant smile broke over his face as his trick often used by that noted Indian fighter, Kit Carson, and others.

He placed his hat upon his rifle barrel, first drawing his revolver and holding it in his right hand. Then, with his left, he slowly thrust the rifle, crowned by the hat, along the surface of the rock, until it protruded around the edge. This he did to draw the enemy's fire.

The ruse succeeded. Joe's rifle spoke. With a loud cry, Striker gave a bound from behind the boulder and fell across the open trail, seemingly wounded unto death. In his hand he held the cocked revolver.

Joe gave a loud shout and ran down the trail, a large, keen-edged knife clasped in his teeth. He had not counted until that was within a few feet of him, when, with a lightning-like motion, his arm came up, the revolver snapped viciously and Joe pitched heavily to the ground.

Harlan sat on his pony like one turned to stone. He had seen Joe fire, had seen him start down the trail with the exultant cry. Then came the other shot. Who had fired it? Who had won? His captor or his stranger? Why this long silence? If Joe had won he would have come back! If the stranger had been victorious, why did he not appear? If it was the stranger, would he aim for him? Perhaps the shot that was but a comrade of Joe's with whom he had fallen out. He tugged at his bonds, twisting and squirming, but they were securely tied and resisted all the efforts of the frail boy.

He started and uttered an exclamation as a knife flashed before his eyes. But it was not the vindictive voice of Joe that spoke, as his heart had feared:

"You are a brave boy, whoever you are. It took a deal of courage to warn me as you did, in the presence of that man. You are free, whatever the reason for your captivity."

He helped Harlan down from his cramped position.

"Is he dead?" whispered the boy.

"No, not dead, but wounded. I've got him bound. He can't do any harm for a while. I am waiting for the cavalry to come up."

"Cavalry?" cried Harlan.

"Yes," answered Striker, looking at him curiously, "cavalry. Is your group of them using up the trail back there," pointing over the summit of the hill.

Harlan rose hastily and staggered toward the brow of the hill.

"Oh! I see them! They are almost to the foot of the hill. Oh! Thank God!"

"Why are you so anxious to see the cavalry?"

"They can save my mother and my brother! They can save my home! The Indians attacked us and—"

"Yes, yes!"

"Harlan Johnson."

Just at that moment they were hailed by the cavalry. They were soon in deep conversation with Captains Yates and Clarence. Harlan detailed, in a few words, the situation at the ranch when he left it, and urged them to hit the rescue. But they needed no urging.

A couple of men were left in charge of the wounded renegade to await the coming of the ambulance wagons, a mile or two in the rear.

Striker told of his first meeting with the renegade, and they rode swiftly in the direction of Johnson's ranch. Harlan recounted his story and of the killing of Joe.

"Captain, Trooper Warren tells me that those two fellows back there are the two who turned us off on that wild goose chase," reported Sergeant Baldwin, riding up at that moment.

"Send Trooper Warren forward, sergeant," said the captain.

The sergeant saluted and turned his horse toward the rear of the line again.

"I suspected as much," remarked Captain Yates.

"And I!" answered Captain Clarence.

In a few moments Warren had reported to his captain.

"You say those are the men who gave Lieutenant Greerson the false reports?"

"Yes, sir, they are the same. I traveled in their company for several hours."

"Why did you not report this sooner, Warren?"

"I was detailed to guard the horses when the troops halted, sir. I did not see the men until we rode by them, coming over the hill."

"Very well. That will do."

Scouts had been sent ahead and now one of them was seen riding back, urging his horse to its greatest speed. Captain Yates urged his own horse forward and the whole line took up the quickened pace.

"There is the sound of heavy firing in the direction of Johnson's ranch," the scout reported.

CHAPTER XXV.

An awful silence followed the sound of the explosion, then a faint moan was heard. The three troopers who had accompanied Lieutenant Greerson rushed to the scene. They found him scrambling, bleeding, from lying on the ground, while a heavy, burning timber lay across his right arm.

They threw the timbers aside and carried him back from the ruins. Just then Red Burt, who had been thrown quite a distance by the force of the explosion and was remained unconscious for some time, slight burns and bruises, crawled into view. His face was blackened by the smoke, and, with his shock of red hair he looked like a demon from the nether world, but a brave, true heart beat beneath his present hideousness.

"That's a woman under them burnin' timbers," he called. "Wayne Johnson's char, too."

He began to kick the planks and heavy, flaming logs. He secured a stout pole and was about to begin prying among them, when the voice of Mrs. Johnson sounded in his right, begging, pleading, blazing:

"Help! help!"

"What be ye?" and Red Burt, while the troopers who had come to assist him, stood aghast. It seemed like a voice from the grave.

"Here," she cried. "The logs are crossed above us. Every bone in my body, but, oh, hurry! Wayne is unconscious, and will die in the fire if you don't!"

"We'll git down to ye in no time," answered Red Burt, cheerily, as he set to work with a will, with the assistance of the troopers, Troopers James and Wilcox.

They had a terrible struggle, for a false move might send the heavy, burning logs crashing down on the helpless ones beneath.

"Oh, haste, for my boy's sake," moaned Mrs. Johnson.

The last logs were pried apart, sending a shower of sparks and live embers upon the devoted mother, who bent above the face of her unconscious son, to shield him. Another hands lifted her from her perilous position and placed her on the cool grass, while others lifted and lightened the flames which the falling sparks had kindled in her garments. Then they carried Wayne Johnson lay with her white head pillowed on the breast of faithful Red Burt.

Wayne, too, was lifted out and cared for by the troopers. A wound on his temple was bleeding profusely. This was soon stanched and brought to consciousness and staggered to his mother's side. He looked into the face of her son. A smile lighted up her pale features, then vanished, when she noted anxiety as she saw the bandage about his head.

Lieutenant Greerson still lay unconscious. All the efforts of the third trooper, Lane, were unavailing. Soon a sigh from Wayne recovered sufficiently, she did all she could to bring Harlan to, but without success. The face seemed badly burned, his right arm was broken, and there were several wounds about him.

While Mrs. Johnson and her son worked on the young lieutenant with deepest solicitude, Red Burt and the cavalrymen discussed the situation.

"It air funny why them Injuns dug out so suddent. I hain't got no idee o' 'em," Injun nater. Besides, that devil Barrons hain't no coward."

"Barrons?"

"Yes, sir. Ranchmah Barrons, ther feller we all thought was a-comin' ter make a settler, is at the bottom of the hull affair."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm 'er talkin' hoss sense and don't ye forgit it. We all hearn his voice when he ordered for us to come out and be ourselves up. The hoss and ther men all recognized the voices. They is no mistakin' 'em. Then two ways about that, ther skunk, and hangin's too good for him, I'm thinkin'."

The troopers stood dumbfounded. The actions of the Indians in leaving as they had, was also a mystery. Red Burt and Lane were turned toward the western hill, and suddenly he recognized the full significance of the stirring events of the past thirty-six hours so excitingly.

"Boys, them redskins is comin' back!"

Sure enough! Over the brow of South Hill rode a dozen braves under the command of Many Braves. White Chief, after learning of the approach of the cavalry-men, and by two days' start, had sent a detachment of his followers dashed on, leaving their dead to mark their trail. It seemed that they intended to leap the barrier, almost, for straight at the stockades they rode, not

(Continued on page eleven.)

Hill and ashed down towards the defenseless group.

"Into the corral!" shouted Wayne, hearing the cry of Red Burt. "Into the little corral! We'll have a barricade there!"

They hastily lifted the still unconscious lieutenant and carried him into the small corral. Then, with a yell, the Indians had taken the animals plaged therein. Mrs. Johnson followed and the heavy gate was quickly placed in position and braced with heavy logs. The three troopers were well armed and Red Burt still had his revolver. Wayne, hastily secured the weapons of Lieutenant Greerson.

The walls of the stockade were made of posts driven into the ground close together, and small willow pickets driven in about them to fill up the gaps. The stockade was about eight feet high and stout and strong. The five defenders placed themselves at equal distances about the enclosure, resolved to hold out to the last. Red Burt felt somewhat handicapped at having only a revolver, but was determined to make it count.

The Indians hesitated, when they saw the stronghold of the whites, and Many Bears would have pressed onward back, but that he felt he would be ridiculed and hooted upon as a coward. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and would likely be accused of neglect when once they joined the camp at the quarries, for Crow Wolf would be only too glad to make out a good case against his rival. So they had told it so often, that they had now come to believe it; but could be successful in overcoming these whites and have their scalps to dangle at their belts. Under such leadership, the malicious shafts of Gray Wolf would be bent or broken or fall far short.

And the fight was on. The savages charged the stockade with furious yells, but were met with a withering fire from the defenders. They were all good shots and were fighting for their lives. Baffled, the Indians drew back and now they numbered but eight. Three braves had several exhibited wounds. Within the stockade not a single shot had taken effect. A further charge had been too well built.

Then a shout went around the house," said Wayne, sadly. "We would not be where we are now."

"Are you up to now?" exclaimed James.

The Indians were seen collected at a point just out of rifle range.

"Maybe ther scamps'll attack all together and fry ter break down the wall."

"They won't all get over, I'll promise them!" exclaimed Wilcox.

"They are two to one yet," said Wayne.

But the Indians made no move, but soon as the attack was over. What the efforts of anxious friends had failed to do, the fight in the open had done, and he found Lieutenant Greerson conscious, but suffering agonies.

"I guess my eyes are gone," said Paul, after his first warm greeting was over, "I suppose I must have been struck across the face. But, I never thought anything after the awful flash that followed the explosion. But, thank God! We did not come too late."

"We have followed rejoice at the escape of his friends, even at the awful sacrifice to himself," Wayne's hand clasped his in fervent gratitude.

"Wayne, my brother—do you know that Aurora"—and then his voice broke. How could he tell to the brother that Aurora had been left alone at night on the plain? what was that Paul was saying?

"That about the end on her way to the fort." Paul had supplemented, seeing his friend's bewilderment.

"God bless the praised! Oh, Paul, do you blame me?"

"No, Wayne; it was an awful situation to be placed in. You could not have done differently."

"Oh dock, hyar, boss," yelled Red Burt, Wayne flew to the palisade. The Indians were dashing towards the stockade. Unheeding the deadly fire or the fall of their comrades, they leaped seven of their followers danced on, leaving their dead to mark their trail. It seemed that they intended to leap the barrier, almost, for straight at the stockades they rode, not

(Continued on page eleven.)

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Heroic Work of a Girl in Saving Her Brother From Drunkenness.

Put a Remedy in His Coffee and Without His Knowledge of the Secret Was Completely Cured.

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A TERRIBLE ERROR.

Aunt Mary—John Hollin'sworth, I'm surprised!
Uncle John—So be thin I, Molly. I went down t' hev seme of that gold-cure elixir 'jected inter me for rheumatis, an' I'm 'clined t' (wow) think thet young Doc Billin's used old Tom gin b' mistake. All han's balance partners!

A Special Case.

"I suppose you've run over and killed more or less people," he said to the trolley car motorman.

"Oh, of course," was the reply.

"And is there such a thing as getting used to the sensation of taking human life?"

"Well, I don't feel as wabbly over the thing as I did at first, but——"

"But you do cringe a little?"

"I did the other day when I ran over an old man and recognized him, but that was a special case, you may say."

"How special?"

"He was my own father."

Discovered by a Woman.
I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the pains. It never fails to cure any of the various diseased troubles to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, granulation, or inflammation of the womb, and all pains. I will send a box of this wonderful medicine free to every sufferer. Mrs. C. B. Miller, Box 189, Kenosha, Ind.

His Part Of It.

"I have called," said the reporter, "to see if you wish to add anything to our account of your wife's reception, this evening. We have most of the details and a long list of names, including those who will assist her in receiving."

"No," replied the business man, "there's only one account that I'm expected to take any interest in, and there'll be no one to assist me with that."

Starved To It.

"Well, Mrs. Pharmer, did your daughter, Susie, learn anything at the boarding school?"

"I reckon she did. She learned t' prevaricate the kind o' board she gits t' home."

Six Days Enough.

Mrs. Nexdore—We consider piano playing wicked on Sunday.

Mrs. Snapp—Glad to hear it. That's what we consider your daughter's on week days.

The Old Trouble.

"You don't seem well this morning," remarked the shark. "What's the matter?"

"A little touch of indigestion," replied the whale.

"You seem to be subject to that quite often."

"Yes. Hereditary in our family since Jonah's time."

One Way Of Looking At It.

"It is said that the Czar of Russia dislikes more than anything else to speak in public."

"That's a nice tribute to his wife."

"How so?"

"He probably gets a chance to say all he wants to at home."

Here's A Sure Sign.

"I must be getting old."

"What makes you think so?"

"Younger men have begun complimenting me on being spry."

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.
Any boy can join the C. S. A. Free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. Has grips, signs, grand password, badges, secret emblem, vowed oaths, signed membership cards. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by their signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR 111 Marion Street. Oak Park, Ill.

Contingent.

Dobson—If you marry my daughter, how long will it be before you call on me for aid?

Hobson—That depends on how long it is before she strikes me for cash.

So Near And Yet So Far.

"Your decisions are away off!" roared the bleachers.

"They are such bloody close decisions!" protested the umpire, feebly.

Getting Ahead.

"You seem to be tickled over something," said the head bookkeeper.

"I am," said the clerk, who had been on an errand. "I've just beat the firm out of 8 cents. In a legitimate way, too."

"Tell us."

"Well, the trip I made required two street car tickets; price 5 cents. To get those tickets I had to get an order from the sub-head of our department, which was indorsed by the head of the department and again by the general manager, and finally by the boss himself, and by that time I had used up 16 cents' worth of time, based on the rate of my salary."

Her Loving Friends.

Maud—Mabel is trying to catch the new minister, isn't she?

Irene—Desperately. She thinks he would have proposed the other evening if he had come prepared, but that he was afraid to undertake it extemporaneously.

The Best He Could Do.

"Give me a penny, oh, sir," said the mendicant, "and you will give me joy."

"While I cannot give you joy," said the millionaire, "I may perhaps give you merriment, for I will give you the laugh."

Gave Him A Setback.

Blobbs—They say Dr. Chargem cured Hones of nervous prostration.

Slobbs—Yes; but he had a relapse.

Blobbs—What caused it?

Slobbs—The doctor sent in his bill.

Brawn.

Marshall—Dixon is evidently something of an athlete.

Thompsonn—What late strength has he been displaying?

Marshall—Told me he held his breath for a minute last night when his wife came and dug him up at the club.

Information Wanted.

"The cook book says good celery should be bleached," said the new wife.

"Yes'm," assented the new grocer.

"How is it done—with peroxide?"

Don't Begin the Winter With a Cough
Thousands of cases of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumpnia, and Consumption are developed every year by neglecting the first cold. Hyomei cures a common cold in a few hours. If you are suffering from Catarrh, try Hyomei. It is a positive cure. Read the free offer made by The R. T. Booth Co, on page 3.

Her Proposals.

Clara—I accepted lots of proposals this summer.

Louise—What! More than one?

Clara—Certainly. I accepted every time a young man proposed that we have a glass of soda water or a dish of ice cream.

The Prisoner's Construction.

"I have to report," said the sheriff, "that the jury is hung."

"I knowed from the looks of 'em," whispered the prisoner, "that they orter be!"

"The boss of the quarry bet Tim he couldn't dhrink four quarts av phwisky in as many hours."

"And did Tim win th' bet?"

"He did."

"And thin phwat did he do?"

"He wint off and got dhrunk."

Taking the Sting Out of It.

"Have I got a bright future?" anxiously inquired the sweet young graduate, who was chock full of ambition.

"Well, it isn't as bright as it might be," answered the astigmatic clairvoyant, who was taking a long look into it; "but," she added with a girlish titter, "perhaps the gas is turned down."

Temporary Relief.

Mrs. Henpeck—Aha! Here's a man convicted of bigamy, who is sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement. That's real justice.

Mr. Henpeck—Yes; because it's tempered with mercy. The poor fellow's out of his misery for a while, at least."

Rural Advantages.

City Man—Whew! Seems to me it's about as hot in the country as it is in the city.

Suburban Host—Y-e-s; but if you get overcome by the heat here and fall in a faint you are in no danger of being clubbed by a policeman.

How Did She Know.

He—Funny thing about surf bathing. It makes my mustache smell so salty for a whole day afterward.

She—It does so, that's a fact.

What Worried Her.

"Did she have a good time while she was away this summer?"

"No; she was worrying for fear her husband was having a good time at home."

Men Are but Children.

Mother—What is all this fuss in the nursery about?

Small Brother (crying)—James is always the procession, and I'm tired of being the crowd on the sidewalk.

A Lovely Odor.

Mother (telling a fairy tale)—The palace was most beautiful and scented with the most lovely perfumes and—

Little Daughter (eagerly interrupting)—Was there a lovely smell of baked apple, mammy?

Alas, Too True!

"It has always been my rule," said Mr. Bocvo, "to spend as I go."

"Indeed," exclaimed Miss Sharpe, glancing significantly at the clock. "In that way I suppose you have saved considerable money."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Too Far Behind.

Milly—I understand that Miss Elderly is getting to be very fast.

Willy—Yes; but she'll never make up the time she has lost.

Pretty Big.

"Blowhard has a big opinion of himself."

"How big?"

"Well, he's beginning to imagine he's annoyed by camera fiends."

A spinster can't learn to play the violin unless she has a beau.

She—Why is it that those men who write the best poems on love are single men?

He—For the same reason, I guess, that a man does not usually feel inclined to write poetry on the ocean after he has been seasick.

STORYETTES.

Happy Thought.

It was 10 o'clock on the night of August 31, and the man made a pathetic figure. His hair was disheveled, his collar was wilted, his cravat was all awry, and there was a hunted, haunted expression in his eyes.

He was partaking of food at the Sign of the Dirty Spoon, and ever and anon he gazed gloomily into the street, tugged at his bashful mustache, twisted around in his chair, sighed heavily, and partook of more food.

His friends greeted him, but he heeded not their greetings, but passed 'em up. The waiter affectionately leaned on his table and solicitously inquired: "What'll I push youse in de line o' weeds, Jim?" but the man with the hunted look hearkened not unto the waiter's inquiry as to his needs.

"Well," he finally muttered to himself, "I guess it's all off. Nothing for it but to go into the navy or to enlist for China. I had a hunch that I might draw this fatal number."

He drew a slip of paper out of his pocket and read the words written thereon three or seventy-fourth time.

"Has she thrun you down, Jim?" one of his friends, entering just then, inquired, bantering.

"Worse'n that," replied the gloomy looking newspaper reporter, handing over the slip of paper. "Just read that."

The slip of paper was signed by the newspaper reporter's city editor, and it read:

"Tomorrow will be September 1, and the oyster will begin its pleasanting work. Put up a pat column of fresh, breezy stuff about the advent of the bivalve. Don't strictly new stuff. Cut out any allusion to the letter 'r' on pain of dismissal from the staff. Want this for early copy."

"That's where you go on the rocks," sympathetically remarked the reporter's friend. "Can't you get run over by a hack or something and be toted to the hospital?"

The reporter shook his head dismally.

"Nix, I couldn't make that stick," he replied, sadly. "They'd get next."

He gave a sudden start. His face brightened. A gleam of hope shone in his lackluster eyes.

"Why," he exclaimed, "what the dickens, have I been worrying about? I'll just dig back into my paper's files for the year 1873 and copy the September 1 oyster story that was run that year."

His delight was so acute over this providential thought, which relieved him from the necessity of repairing to the water, that he sat right down again and ate five chocolate eclairs without stopping.

You can't keep a squirrel on the ground.

Food Hearts.

"Yes, siree," remarked the Lunchroom Conversationalist, "it certainly is queer how afraid some folk are of the sea, isn't it?"

The other fare at the table looked fixedly at their plates, and maintained a stolid silence.

"In some cases," went on the Lunchroom Conversationalist, "this fear amounts to a positive horror. I was reading of a sad case of that sort the other day. The American wife of a young Englishman who had been meeting with great success in his line of business in Chicago went to England with her two children just for the sake of seeing the country her husband—whom she worshiped—had been born in. Well, there was an accident to the steamer that took her and the children across, and for a few hours the vessel was at the mercy of the raging main. The ordeal had such an effect upon the young wife and mother that she made a vow that, if she should ever reach England again she would never intrust herself nor her children to the mercies of the cruel and vast deep again as long as she lived. All this happened six years ago, and during all that time she has stuck to her vow. She has longed to see her worshiped husband again, but the ocean gained such a horror for her on the one voyage that she made that she is determined to stick to her vow to the day of her death. So here in this case, were two loving young people sadly separated from each other solely on account of the horror one of them had conceived from the rolling main."

At this point the Lunchroom Conversationalist leaned back in his chair and looked pensively out of the window.

"Separated, you say?" put in one of the other four at the table, after a pause, "and his wife was so afraid of the sea that she wouldn't return to this country, why the dickens didn't her English husband just close out his affairs in the United States and join his wife in England?"

"Well," replied the Lunchroom Conversationalist, picking up his fork and adding three strides of it to the screen door, "he would have done that, you see, but for the fact that he has been doing time in Joliet on a twenty-five-year sentence for highway robbery, and, of course—"

He dodged the piece of custard pie and the three chocolates which that stern sent after him, and went down the street like a man plunged in a tender reverie.

Two-Days' Excuse.

He was well dressed and handsome, but it was plain that he had been taking too many warm-weather drinks of an intoxicating composition. He stepped on a South side open car and dropped heavily into one of the front seats. Turning to a passenger sitting at his right he said:

"Scuse me, but—hic—can you sing?"

"Got no voice," replied the passenger addressed.

"Can you?" he asked, turning to a passenger at his left. "Will you oblige me with—hic—a—ong? Somethin' pathetic?"

"I'm a can't Never!" said No. 2.

Then the jag leaned forward and addressed a woman in the seat ahead.

"Pardon me—hic—madam, but there's mis—hic—ic in your eye; will you sing?"

"Better mind your own business," snapped the woman.

"You'll have to stop," remarked the conductor, addressing the jag.

"Scll you when you get to—hic—Fifty-first street," retorted the jag, and he closed his eyes, while his head bobbed forward until his chin rested on his shirt bosom. He moored for a few minutes. Then his eyes opened and he blinked. Commencing to talk to himself, he said:

"Lemme see. What'll I tell her? Plshin't Too late since she won't believe it. To dinner? Nope; out since—hic—since yesterday; too late for dinner—hic—her. Bet my life I catch it; bet yer—hic—life I will! Phew! Since yesterday! Need a two-day' excuse. Ah, have it! My dear, you know I—hic—I can't send telegrams from an 'scursion steamer when she's broken her machinery. How could I? There's a two-days' whopper'll fetch anybody."

"Fifty-first street," shouted the conductor. And then the jag was getting off the car he said:

"Good-by, every fellow. I'm goin' ter face her anyhow!"

Not the Conventional Woman.

"But I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check.

"But you know me," replied the lady, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir," tersely replied, with an expressive smile:

"Oh, yes, you do, I think. I'm the 'red-headed old virago' next door to you, whose moonbrdily little boys' are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started down town this morning your wife said, 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening, you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't run this house on the city water and 2 cents a day.'"

"Here's your money, madam," said the cashier, pushing it toward her and coughing loudly.

In the Far North.

With a bright smile smile the beautiful Eskimo girl left us to join the merry throng in the ball room.

"Your daughter is a gay butterfly," I exclaimed, desiring to be very complimentary.

"For my part I don't think much of this social life," replied the mother, with sudden vehemence. "The idea of dancing every night till away long in March and then lying in bed next day until August 1, or such a matter."

It was on my tongue to say that these young people had too much latitude, but I checked myself.

Reasoning From Analogy.

Freddy is the son of a Fourth avenue stock broker, you will understand, and therefore familiar with some of the terms of the profession.

"Papa," said Freddy.

"Well, my son?"

"Is there such a worm as a bookworm?"

"There is such a creature, Freddy, but it is very rare. The term bookworm, however, is applied to a person who is continually poring over books."

"And, papa?"

"Yes?"

"Is a man who is always poring over the ticker a tapeworm?"

Helping Her to Bear It.

"What troubles you, poor girl?" the kind-looking man asked.

The sweet-faced maiden looked up at him through her tears and said:

"They have taken my brother to jail because he received stolen property. I am distressed forever."

"There, there, don't weep any more," the man said in comforting tones. "Cheer up. Take a brighter view of the world. We must put our sorrows behind us. Look at me. I am not complaining. And yet I have a nephew who wears a shirt waist."

Warmth.

Hercules, the demi-god, and Poseidon, the god, regarded the shirt waist man absorbedly.

"Wouldn't that kill you?" exclaimed Poseidon, presently.

"Very likely," replied Hercules. "It certainly looks to be fully as warm a proposition as the shirt of Nessus."

The shirt of Nessus, it will be recalled by the students of history, was quite devoid of ruffles and lace insertions.

Reaction.

"The typewriting girl is unusually disagreeable this morning."

"Yes, probably it is because she sat up late last night making herself unusually agreeable."

Constance E.—Do you think you can get my husband acquitted?
Lawyer—Fear not, madam.
Constance E.—Why, everybody knows my husband!
Lawyer—That is just the trouble.

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The president's proclamation says nothing about the great Thanksgiving football matches.

It is not the unexpected that always happens, as those daily reverses in the Philippines go to prove.

The fact that Dowie will leave England is the best evidence that the contributions are coming slowly.

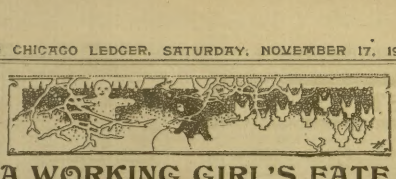
When a married couple starts out to do light housekeeping it usually is they expect to get half of their living at "mother's."

Every rumor to the effect that there will be trouble about the "open door" in China is followed by an increase in the price of mules.

Some day we may have a civil-service examination and allow no man to be a presidential candidate who cannot make 100 speeches in 100 minutes.

That Tennessee woman who killed her son because he smoked cigarettes could have saved much trouble by allowing the habit to take its course.

Belgium and Holland have been taking census of their own, and, while they have no such area or population as the United States, they can exhibit to which they can "point with pride." It is the density of population. Belgium shows an average density of 523 inhabitants to the square mile and Holland 408, which makes the United States, with its 22 to the mile, seem almost a desert. Even the showing of our most thickly populated states—Rhode Island and Massachusetts, with a population for each square mile of 295 and 348, respectively—is not to be flouted. Porto Rico, with a total of 953,243, which gives a density of 262 to the square mile, is quite as populous as the Spanish enumerators have declared, although they have been presumed to be far too large by some critics. The discovery of such a dense population emphasizes the need of giving to the people every advantage that trade and legislation can offer in order to assure them a fair measure of prosperity in their crowded island. Belgium and Holland claim too much, by the way, in declaring themselves the most densely populated countries. The British island colony of Barbados, in the West Indies, has a population of 190,600, or a density of 1,146 to the square mile. That is the record of all the world.



A WORKING GIRL'S FATE.

Four Fiendish Faces---Story of Tragic Events in Chicago---Written by a Young Woman Who Took Part in Them.

By KATE V. CARSON.
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Begun in No. 40, Oct. 6. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XII

A BURGLARY.

And was that black-robed demon Mrs. Tolliver, whom I had thought so good?

Was she insane? Had she tried and failed to kill me why had she not done it at some dead and silent hour of the long night that we had just passed together? Why had she waited for the sun to shine on her perfidy and her crime? Yet the day and the night were not more different than her moods of good and evil. I thought of a terrible and fascinating play in which I had once seen Richard Mansfield, in the role of a female Jekyll and Hyde?

Whatever she was, I thanked God that He had sent Mona Monteith to be my deliverer, and I prayed that her wounds might heal speedily and leave no scar to show how much I owed that strange good-bad woman that I could never hope to pay.

I have no recollection of going back to my room, but I arrived there some way, lay down for half an hour, then freshened myself up a little and went to my work-shop first. I did not meet Miss Dean at the table, and got all the breakfast I wanted by saying to say much to anyone. I arrived there in a very unsettled state of mind, and on the way of my visit to the house of Mrs. J. Pritchard Tolliver and of its tragic ending.

I found the proprietor of Rhode's establishment very much excited.

Mr. Riddle's usually pale face was ghastly and he was rushing round the store, delivering incoherent orders to his clerks in spite of the purport of which it was evident was not clear to himself. As I entered he called out to me to "run and help Miss Knocker." I reported to Miss Knocker and was informed by her that Miss Dean had instructed to assist the young lady known in the place as "Mona," and that the latter had, the evening before, been given a leave of absence for the day, and that, of course, Mr. Riddle knew she did not require any help.

She added that it was her private opinion the robbery had unsettled Mr. Riddle' mind. It was not proper to take any such serious view, for the reason that I had never yet been convinced that Mr. Riddle had a mind to unsettle. But her remarks roused me, interested me and I naturally asked her for further information.

"You're so new that I don't like to talk to you confidentially," she said in a haughty and most offensive way.

I was getting control of myself again. I did not like the sarcastic and deceitful woman, who had tried in many ways to wound me and on quite a little more than I knew that I had much the advantage of her in some ways. I began to think a great deal about, for her skin was sallow and her face was shiny from much wiping with a dirty chamois-leather and she was so thin and bony and sunken-eyed and lantern-jawed and altogether unattractive that I knew she would like to be young and bright and blooming and beautiful as those in the world. So I said, lightly:

"Yes, Miss Knocker, you are not in my class; that's so, and no one would ever think of calling you new, though everyone else in the place is, and you're so much my sage."

I knew the shot struck home, for her unlovely face got red, then white, and she gave me a look more like that of a wild animal or serpent than she had ever given me before.

I waited for her to reply in words, but she did not do so, and then I went back into the office and began to work at writing addresses on envelopes by Mr. Riddle, who was now a little more calm than he had been, and who had succeeded in the meantime in taking everything out of the smaller of the two safes, and emptying it on the floor.

"You see, Miss Carson, Dr. Grabb's private safe has been robbed. The showing of our most thickly populated states—Rhode Island and Massachusetts, with a population for each square mile of 295 and 348, respectively—is not to be flouted. Porto Rico, with a total of 953,243, which gives a density of 262 to the square mile, is quite as populous as the Spanish enumerators have declared, although they have been presumed to be far too large by some critics. The discovery of such a dense population emphasizes the need of giving to the people every advantage that trade and legislation can offer in order to assure them a fair measure of prosperity in their crowded island. Belgium and Holland claim too much, by the way, in declaring themselves the most densely populated countries. The British island colony of Barbados, in the West Indies, has a population of 190,600, or a density of 1,146 to the square mile. That is the record of all the world.

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I might have asked some questions, seeing that Mr. Riddle was so much more communicative than Miss Knocker had been, but was prevented by the entrance of a man whom I rightly judged was the detective. But I was no near to the safe that I was an involuntary and not unwilling listener to what Mr. Riddle and the detective had to say about the case.

I had often read of detectives and their wonderful exploits and had seen detectives in plays, but never until now had I seen a real live detective in the actual performance of his work. I was a little surprised to note that Mr. Brynes—that was the detective's name—might, so far as appearance went, have been a merchant or a doctor or a decently dressed man of any other profession or business, and still more so to observe that he did not at once take the precaution to look all the doors and then put on some shocking false whiskers and sit by a window, a big pistol in either hand, and watch for a clew and soliloquize as to the probability of the job having been the work of Sheeny Mon'rmorency, or some other such crook, as one sees in plays and reads of in detective stories.

In fact, the business of the place went on as usual and no one not stationed very near them could have been aware that Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Kidds were discussing a crime.

"When was this work discovered?" questioned Mr. Byrnes.

"When I opened the office this morning," answered Mr. Kidds.

"What was the appearance of things?"

"Just as I left them when I went away. The safe stood open just as it does, and the contents was scattered about before it."

"And what do you say now?"

"Nothing, so far as we could tell."

"Have you examined the papers closely?"

"Yes."

"I understood you to say that you never kept money in this small safe. Am I right?"

"You are."

"And what, in your opinion, was the motive for the robbery—or attempt at robbery? It is evident that an attempt has been made and by experienced crackmen, too, for that safe was blown as neatly as you please."

"We can't think what the motive could be," said Kidds, in a dazed way, for the thought of talking with a detective about a sure enough burglary had also been telling on him to an extent that made his voice shake. It was "We," not "I," and the safe—the shock the vaudeville had given him.

"Was there anything in the safe was kept in the safe?"

"Well, it is Dr. Grabb's private safe; he kept his private papers and things in it—like his formulas and so on."

"Were they of any value?"

"Very."

"And who would want them badly enough to try to steal them? I imagine they are valuable to Dr. Grabb, but would be of little use to anyone else."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Byrnes. W—y, some of them are worth a fortune, and Dr. Grabb thinks most anybody could make a fortune—men would do most anything to get their hands on 'em. Combinations of preparations and the medicated linings for his fat absorbing appliances. It's a complicated and astonishing business, and the quacks in the country could analyze the medication Dr. Grabb has employed, and sell it well do as he claim for it."

The detective and evidently truthful statement drew a smile from the detective. He made no laugh, for I had noted that the medication was only a little red powder rubbed into the cloth. Mr. Byrnes said:

"For the time being, in the absence of any other plausible theory, we will assume that the motive was robbery. Now, I'd like to examine the safe and everything you found in it myself. I might not find anything that you have not already found—that might happen to."

Mr. Riddle took everything that had been in the broken safe and laid the whole, with a contemptuous air, began a most searching and systematic examination of each article, turning in turn. He worked in this way for several hours, until I lost all interest in such prosy detective investigation, and I was glad when I was called to work with Annie in the rear part of the store.

Next morning Mr. Kidds came to me and asked me to work a long-hand a dozen lines or less which he called a "short memorandum." I did the work in a free and rapid style, for I had been told that I wrote such a good pen that I can put where I want it and that I could flow from it easily and controllably.

I learned later from one and another of the girls that at some time during the morning about everyone in the establishment had been called upon to write a line in his or her best handwriting. But it seemed an unimportant document, meaning so little that some of us thought it might have served its purpose as well had it been manifolded on a typewriter. Here is a copy of Mr. Kidds' "memorandum:"

"The safe has been broken. Johnson will be back ten days hence. Pay him and no one else. Any private document is in the hands of the owners of the establishment on examination here and after a month lives will be out. Smith is now next in town and is of a safe and certain sort but don't want the business and never no one else to the combination or in town, public or private, and so the owner says. Keep document."

Two or three days passed, and the detective did not come again to the place during business hours. Little was said about the burglary and conversation on that subject was not encouraged by Mr. Kidds or even by the bookkeeper, who usually had plenty of talk on all topics current in the office and was as ready with theories, suggestions, and insinuations as anyone with a view of the case.

I surmised that Dr. Grabb was expected and that nothing further would be done until he was consulted.

On the afternoon of the third day I was put to work in a room alone with Miss Knocker and was not a little surprised at the fact that she evidently tried hard to be agreeable, and while we worked I was wondering vaguely at her marked and sustained good-nature and trying to meet her half way, for I am amiable enough naturally and try to maintain such relations with people I meet if they will let me.

It seemed to me that there was something on Miss Knocker's mind that she was studying about quite earnestly, and I was thinking for the third time of asking if anything was troubling her, when she said, abruptly:

"Miss Carson, I know you spoke very unkindly to me the other day—very unfeelingly—and you hurt my feelings more than I could tell you, but I forgave you on the spot and really like you, whether you like me or not; really, I like you well enough to ask a favor of you, and I'm going to ask one of you right now, Miss Carson, you can't think how I feel about it. You're a girl—"

She paused. I knew she was a middle-aged woman, not a girl, but she was trying to be nice to me, and I didn't permit myself to dwell unnecessarily on that point.

"I'm a girl," she continued, "of great moral principle, and I want you to think well of me. Everybody here likes you and you may stay here a good while. You and I have made a bad beginning, but it's never too late to mend, you know, so I propose that we be real friends and associates. My mother is out of town, and I have to give up my room and I would like to board up at your place two or three weeks, and I think it would be nice if I could share your room with you. Are you willing?"

I didn't like the idea at all, but how could I tell her so? I was sure, when she was trying so hard to have me be friends with her. My life there was dismal. She might do something to brighten it. I gave her the invitation she wanted, and she kissed me on my hair and thanked me.

"There," she said, "that's the way I kiss my bosom friends and sisters. And now, by the kind of friend I will be to you, Miss Carson, if you will let me."

CHAPTER XX.

A SPY—A BLUEFISH—A MURDER.

Miss Dean was somewhat put out, I noticed, when I arrived at my boarding house with Miss Knocker for company.

I can't understand your making such an intimate of that woman," she said when we were alone. "She has done everything in her power to make it disagreeable for you in that place ever since you began working there. Why should she have taken such a fancy to you, I can't imagine."

I could not answer that question and did not try to. I thought it quite certain that Miss Knocker could treat me as she was doing so long after I had spoken unkindly to her, and, as she said, had wounded her deeply, but I explained it as well as I could by Miss Knocker's having left from Miss Knocker's own point of view as she had made me understand it, but Miss Dean shook her head dubiously.

"It looks deep just right," she said. "Ill-natured women like her don't repent of their meannesses in that way, but try to justify them by putting the blame on the people they injure. If that woman don't prove to be a hypocrite of the most contemptible kind who has come into your very home to work against your interests some way I shall be surprised; yes, I will, Miss Carson. Besides, if you liked her and fully believed in her, I don't see that that and there could be little in common between you two, for she is old enough to be your mother. However, hoping for the best while fearing something else, I will do what I can to help you make it pleasant for Miss Knocker, so that she may have as little excuse as possible for doing you an ill turn, but the worst of such a situation is that people who try to make themselves nice to others rarely wait for any provocation except their own envy or self-importance."

But Miss Knocker was forgotten by us both when I told my friend of the senseless stunt Mr. Riddle had had me do copy, which was the latest development, so far as I knew of the safe robbery. She thought it a strange thing to do and was at a loss to explain it. We talked about it some time, and then Miss Dean rose from her seat on an ottoman by the window in her room and went to the door to see if some towels she had ordered had been brought and was the knob of the door, which was the manner in which towels were delivered in that house when boarders were in their rooms.

She wore a pair of soft felt slippers which made no noise as she walked and consumed not a quarter of a minute in crossing the room. She opened the door and, open, she stepped backward, uttering a low, startled exclamation.

The gas had not been lighted in the hall, and a tall, dark figure was standing right in the doorway, and Miss Knocker's face was dimly outlined against the white-painted wall of the corridor behind the hall.

"I beg pardon," she said, turning her nose toward the door instead of to me, "and I am sorry if I frightened you, Miss Dean. I was just going to knock on your door and call you and Miss Carson would not like to go over to Lincoln park for a little while. The electric fountain is advertised to play tonight, and the band plays every night."

And she smiled at her own bad joke.

I went with Miss Knocker. Miss Dean seemed a little disappointed at the result, but she had no more to say about Miss Knocker after we returned, and in a little while Miss Knocker and I went to bed, but not to sleep, for, greatly to my regret, Miss Knocker proved to be a night-owl.

She talked a long while, giving me the details of some of her love affairs that had occurred, she said, "many years ago," and in which, from her account, she had not figured particularly to her advantage, and then she told me many stories of her child-

hood and of her days in school in which it came out that she had been a crafty schemer from the day she had donned short dresses and had usually managed to have her own way regardless of the claims of others.

She did not give me such an interpretation of her character in plain, blunt words, but it forced its way to prominence in all that she said.

Having sought, by thus giving me what she termed her "most sacred confidences," to gain my confidence in return, she fell to asking me questions, put to me skillfully and persistently, calculated to elicit not only the prominent features of my own biography, but my opinions concerning some of the most important matters, including the secretary of Dr. Grabb's private safe. Whether by accident or design I did not know and did not consider, that was at the end of quite a long list of topics upon which she had interviewed me, for the most part without eliciting any information to speak of, and by the time she had got to it I was thoroughly provoked with her impertinence and too sleepy not to show it, and I resented her query, ill-naturedly, I am afraid, of the fact that I was new at Dr. Grabb's and advised her to be careful about talking to me about the affairs of the house, adding that I had quite enough experience of them by day not to want to talk about them all night.

Then she permitted me to go to sleep, and the last sound I heard before I did so was the gritting of Miss Knocker's teeth, for thus did she express the evidence of her disappointment because of her failure to pump me.

When we got to the office at eight o'clock I saw Dr. Grabb seated at his desk, clad in a short-pants bicycle suit of varied hues that displayed the worst vair of legs I had ever seen and made a appear rather more like a big chimpanzee than usual. When I saw him in this outfit I was certain that he did not expect Dr. Grabb that day and judged that he did not intend to take an outing on his wheel.

As soon as Miss Knocker and I entered, the manager followed me into the work room and, remained there long in conversation with Miss Byrnes. When he came back he wrote a note, sealed it and asked me if I would be good enough to deliver it for him at the address on the envelope, which he told me was not more than four blocks distant.

I glanced at the subscription and read the name of Warren F. Love. I was there to make myself generally useful and I accepted this opportunity to go out on the street with a message for Liked the sunshine and fresh air and the sights of the town.

"Mr. Moore is my partner, but he is not here today, and a man who took Mr. Kidds' note from my hand at the address indicated, "but if you will come in I will attend to it at once."

I recognized Mr. Byrnes, the detective. He motioned me to a seat and then read the note very hurriedly.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "so this is about that safe burglary, at Dr. Grabb's. And what is your name, may I ask?"

"Miss Carson," I replied, wondering why he should care who I was, but answering quite readily enough, because his manner was pleasant and not at all suspicious.

"Well, Miss Carson," he said, "I am rather glad you happened in. That is a queer case over and I want to talk with some one from there who will treat the subject fresh and intelligently. You may not be able to tell me anything I do not know already, and in questioning you might say I might set me thinking and thus lead me to some clew worth following. But first of all I must say we have our little cogitations over with confidence, and not say a word about it to the newspapers, not even to Mr. Kidds. May I depnd on you for that, Miss Carson?"

I expressed my willingness to meet his wishes so far as might be possible, but told him I knew almost nothing about the robbery and not much more that he would be likely to care to know about the business or employees of Dr. Grabb, as I had been there but a short time. But he questioned me for more than an hour, gaining no information concerning the burglary but quite a good deal, it seemed to me, about myself, though why he should "have cared to pry into the personal affairs I had no idea till he explained that he would need the assistance of some wide-awake young woman in the place and asked me to look out sharply for clews and advise him at once if I should have reason to suspect anyone in the office.

"The safe," he concluded, "someone employed there is believed to have given information to the robbers which paved the way for the job. Now, Miss Carson, will you help me find out who did it?"

I must decline any such commission as that, Mr. Byrnes," I replied, coldly. "Never count on any one in my life."

And that ended our interview.

With a promise to speak to no one at the store concerning his request, I hurried back and as I passed along the street I heard the newsboys calling in a hundred voices and with a persistency that was bound to rivet attention:

"Murder! Murder! All about the horrible South side murder! Murder of Mrs. J. Pritchard Tolliver! Extra! Extra! Extra!"

This story of a young girl's experiences in Chicago will be brought to a close in next week's Ledger. Announcement of free pictures and patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Indian Slayer.

(Continued from page seven.)

swerved an inch till within a few feet of the palisade, their horses turned and the riders stopped hastily on top of the blockade and down within its enclosure.

With wild yells they charged the whites, their revolvers cracking. Wayne gripped with a powerful Indian who rushed at him with upraised tomahawk. He fired his revolver, but in his excitement missed his aim. He caught the uplifted arm by the wrist and they swayed and strained, neither seeming to gain the advantage.

Lane fired at a savage who leaped from the ground at him, but the aim was not good, for the savage fell, stunned, where he lay motionless, and Lane supposed him dead. He turned to find himself in the grasp of a Sioux warrior, and they, too, grappled.

Wilcox was shot down at the first fire and Red Burt stepped across his body and met his slayer with a shot from his revolver. Then the two savages rushed upon him, one of which was Many Bears. He grabbed up the rifle dropped by Wilcox and fired at the Indian.

James had sprung at a wiry, little, old warrior and found he had much more than his match. And thus the battle raged.

Wilcox, for any sight, or but for one moment, seemed unconcerned. Coolly, while Mrs. Johnson stood with hands clasped upon her breast, with a fixed, fascinated gaze, the struggle between her son and his antagonist.

This unequal contest could not last long. Lane threw his antagonist and fell prone upon him, where he lay, gasping, with the left wrist of the Indian with his right hand, the left wrist grasped by the savage's right hand.

Gradually his strength gradually leaving him, and fought with the blindness of desperation, Red Burt seemed holding his own with a new lease of life.

Wayne felt a sudden, sharp pain in his shoulder. In their struggle Many Bears had struck him with the tomahawk. A mist fell before Wayne's eyes, his limbs grew numb and with a low moan, he sank to the ground, while the savage gave a yell of triumph and turned to take up this Sampson of the plains, and he had refrained from using his revolver, he would have had that weapon to play.

James, with one last gasp of despair, endeavored to throw his antagonist, and Lane, in his struggle raised his head and saw, to his horror, the wretch in the hand of the warrior whom he had but stunned, and who had picked up the rifle.

None but Lieutenant Greerson, lying in helpless agony, heard the rushing sound, as the horses of the cavalry dashed down on the scene. None knew of their proximity, till they were upon the troopers.

Mrs. Johnson heard a cry:

"Mother, mother!" and letting go her hold on the coarse, black hair of the Sioux warrior, she fell into the arms of her daughter, Harlan; for the second time that morning, in a dead faint.

Striker, following instantly behind Harlan, emptied the contents of his revolver into the savage form still bending over the prostrate.

Captain Yates, whose quick eye had taken in the situation at a glance, the palisade, brought his rifle to a quick aim, and Many Bears, in the act of using his revolver at the faithful hart of Red Burt, received his death blow.

With a quick blow of his rifle, Red Burt downed his remaining antagonist.

Sergeant Baldwin, with his agile bound, reached the side of the Indian whose revolver had been the life of Trooper Lane, and kicked it from his hand. Then Lane was helped to his feet and his antagonist secured.

James, struggling for life in the grasp of the wiry little Sioux, broke loose, his bosom of despair, an encouraging cry and with a powerful blow from his sinewy left arm, the pitying face of his captain—Clarence.

The cavalry, accompanied by Mr. Striker and Red Burt, was soon on the trail of the fleeing Sioux. Captain Yates had immediately sent a message to the fort with a report to Colonel Brent, bearing the messenger at a slow pace, were two ambulance wagons. In one wore the wounded lieutenant and the renegade, Joe. Mrs. Johnson sat on the seat by the driver.

Twelve troopers, among them were Wayne, wounded in the shoulder, but able to ride, and Harlan, though the latter had been ordered to the advised to accompany the cavalry.

The three Indians, the sole survivors of Many Bears' ill-timed expedition, were also of the party. They were to be taken to the fort to be held as prisoners until the end of the campaign.

Lane and James were of the escort, while the body of poor Wilcox reposed beside that of the renegade, Ben, in their last, long ride.

At the Lower Ford the cavalry was divided. Captain Clarence, with Troop B, forded the river and rode to Goodman's ranch, thence to the hills lying to the westward, while Captain Yates, with Troop A, followed the plainly marked trail of the savages.

Continued in next week's Ledger. Thousands are reading for our free contests and patterns, announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Mick (weighing his first sack of potatoes) —Begorrah, it doesn't weigh so much as I thought; but thin, O! niver lapsted it wud.

An Inexcusable Omission.

Ada—Yes, she accepted him Monday night but broke off the engagement almost immediately.

May—Indeed! Why?

Ada—Well, I believe he omitted to say that he was the happiest man in the world.

Cause.

Visitor—Are you the wild man?

Museum Freak—Yes.

Visitor—H'm! Well, what makes you wild?

Museum Freak—The idiotic questions that are being continually asked me.

Meant!

Alice—He told me I was so interesting—so beautiful.

Amy—And you will trust yourself for life to a man that lays himself out to deceive you at the very beginning of your courtship.

"VERY MUCH RATTLED."

Hard Man to Suit.

"Higbee went up to see the Thousand Islands on a special rate excursion ticket."

"How did he enjoy the trip?"

"He came back disheartened to sue the railroad company."

"What for?"

"He could count but 963 islands."

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From whatever cause arising, quickly and permanently cured at the old reliable

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NO. 4 BULFINCH ST., opposite Revere House, Boston, Mass. Established in 1858. Chief Consulting Physician for 30 years, graduate of Harvard Medical College, class of 1864, late Surgeon 4th Reg. Mass. Volunteers; also Visiting Physician and Surgeon from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, class 1858. **These physicians are the only ones where others fail. Know Thyself Manuel Free, 6c. postage.** Write for it to-day. Key to health. Consultation in person or by letter, $10 6; Sundays, 10 to 1. **Expert Treatment.**

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED From any part of the body by the use of Dr. Ferry's Depilatory Powder. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address, DR. FERRY, Box 1000, Bedford, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Return this advt. with three two-cent stamps and we will send you a pair of Gold-Lined Stone Set Rings Free. The Stone is a beautiful imitation Diamond, and the Ring is a solid gold-lined Rolled Plate Guaranteed to wear for 10 years. Send size of finger by sending a piece of string the exact length around. Address, **SAFE JEWEL CO., 19 Warren St., New York.**

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FREE RUPTURE CURE!

If you are afflicted with Rupture, Piles, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Nervousness, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Blood Poison, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Weak Back, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Female Weakness, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Sexual Decay, Wasting Diseases, Lack of Energy, Nervousness, Despondency, Pimples, Blotches, Eczema, Impure Blood, Loss of Hair, Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat, Lungs, Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels, Nerves, Blood, Skin, Bones, Bladder, Rectum, Prostate Gland, Sexual Organs, Urinary Organs, Private Diseases, Special Diseases, Chronic Diseases, Diseases of Men, Diseases of Women, Diseases of Children, Diseases of Old Men, Diseases of Old Women, Diseases of Middle Aged Men, Diseases of Middle Aged Women, Diseases of Young Men, Diseases of Young

THE PHANTOM BICYCLIST

The Silent Hunter of the Bad Lands --- Wierd Story of Adventures in the Land of Desolation and Mystery.

By WILL LISENBEE,
Author of "Young Jay Goulds" "Rail Rockford's Rash Wager," Etc.

(Copyright, 1900.)

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

He struck at the bottom with stunning force, and his head coming in contact with the wall, he was knocked senseless.

How long he lay thus he never knew. When his senses returned he was too bewildered to know where he was or what had happened.

He rose to a sitting posture and tried to peer through the gloom, but it was as if he was shrouded in by a blackness that could almost be felt.

As memory slowly returned to him, he felt in his pocket for a match.

To his surprise and disappointment his match box was gone.

He remembered now that he had taken it from his pocket just as he lost his footing, and so he must have dropped it in the fall.

He began to grope his way about the floor of the cavern with the hope of finding the missing box, but without success.

He continued his search for a half hour in the same result, and then he sat down to reflect on his situation.

He realized that he must be very cautious in his movements, for once he got away from his position he might easily be lost and be unable to find his way to the entrance.

[illegible] him, and feeling [illegible] to attempt to [illegible] match box, he decided to try to [illegible] back to the route he had entered.

He began to grope about in the darkness, feeling to find the wall along which he must go to reach the opening leading to the chamber above, but every place seemed the same.

That he had become turned around was evident, and he now feared that it would be impossible to find his way without a light.

In case he should discover the wall from which he had fallen in his attempt to descend, there was a probability that he would be unable to make the ascent.

For more than an hour he groped his way about the narrow passage, vainly hoping to discover a way out, till at last, giving up the effort, he decided to follow the passage leading in the direction taken by the girl.

There was no chance of his missing his way, he reasoned, since there was but one passage that he had seen.

He crept forward, feeling his way carefully, in order to make sure that he should not fall into some pit or hole in the cavern.

He had a faint hope that the girl might soon return by the route she had entered, and it was his aim not to travel far from the place he had last seen her.

He kept crept forward something like a hundred yards, as he reckoned, turning many sharp angles, when he came to an abrupt halt against the rocky wall.

As he put out his hands to feel his way they came in contact with something soft and yielding.

As he took it in his hands he found that it was a piece of cloth—rotten, apparently, for it came to pieces at his touch.

As he put his hands again on the spot they came in contact with material of a similar character, but from the touch he discovered that there were several little bags filled with some hard substance.

He attempted to lift one from its place, but it parted, leaving the contents on the floor.

He seized some of the articles which had fallen from the decayed bag, and as he did so he could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise and joy.

The weight, the feel of the nuggets in his hand told him even in the darkness that they were gold!

Had he discovered the treasure of Julius Loftus?

CHAPTER XVI.
SURPRISED.

Darcy Emerson sat clutching it in his hand, a sort of dizzy ecstasy sweeping over him.

There could be no mistake about it—it was gold!

Had he, by the merest chance, stumbled upon the hidden treasure of Julius Loftus?

There was little room for doubt in his mind that it was so, and the conviction thrilled him with a sense of excited joy.

He dropped the nuggets which he held in his hands into his pockets, and began eagerly to search the floor about him.

His hands came in contact with what appeared to be a number of canvas bags, that crumbled at the touch, letting their contents fall to the floor of the cavern.

Darcy gathered up the nuggets with feverish haste, till he had fairly weighted himself down.

Excited, bewildered, by the amazing discovery, he felt a sort of intoxication that rendered him for the moment oblivious to [illegible] that he was [illegible] may contain [illegible] to find [illegible]

When the first flush of his joy at the discovery had, in a manner, given place to a more rational frame of mind, the grayness of his situation came back to him with crushing force.

He sat for some moments, debating as to what he had best do, and attempt to find his way out might only serve to carry him deeper into the cavern.

What had become of the girl?

He felt convinced that she must know of the treasure's whereabouts, and might be engaged in carrying it away.

In that case it might be best for him to remain at the place for a while at least, to watch events.

If she had visited the place, it was quite evident that she had not returned by the same route she had taken when she entered, else she must have discovered him while he lay unconscious, or encountered her on his way thither.

It seemed, then, that there must be some other way out of the place.

But in following it there would be great danger of becoming lost among the mazes leading deeper into the hill.

He began examining the cavity in which he had found the supposed nuggets, and discovered that it was literally filled with the precious freight.

To attempt to carry the treasure away would be folly, he reasoned, for what he had already taken almost weighted him down, yet it could hardly be missed from the store.

Never in his life before had Darcy realized the value of a match. One single little sulphur match! How much he would have given for one at that moment!

These thoughts had scarcely come to him when he suddenly remembered that he carried a pistol in his pocket—one given him by Dick Wilson on the morning.

With this he might produce fire.

The thought had no sooner occurred to him than he drew the weapon from his pocket.

He had no lint or punk to start the spark, but he thought he might find a substitute.

He drew out his handkerchief and began to tear it into small strings, ravelling it into threads as well as he was able.

He next took one of the cartridges from the revolver and extracted the lead.

Then he replaced the shell, having taken the precaution to thrust a small piece of lint from his handkerchief into the cavity of the shell so as to prevent the powder from spilling out.

When this was done he drew back the hammer, and placing the lint a few inches away from the muzzle of the pistol, pulled the trigger.

There was a loud report, a broad flash, and a small spark was seen glowing among the lint.

He seized it eagerly, blew it gently, but despite his efforts it went out.

The dampness of the cavern had doubtless aided in extinguishing the spark.

But he was not discouraged, and immediately set to work to repeat the experiment.

This time, to his great joy, the spark from the pistol caught and was quickly blown into a small flame.

But this could not last but a few minutes.

Whatever he did must be done with dispatch.

He quickly drew some letters which he carried in his pocket, and twisting them into long, narrow strips, began to make his way through the passage with all haste, the light, dim though it was, enabling him to proceed without difficulty.

He soon came to a high sloping wall on the left, and at its base discovered one of the torches which had dropped from his hand when he lost his footing.

Having lighted this, he lost no time in looking for his lost match box, which he soon found in a crevice in the rocks.

It would be hard to describe his feelings of joy at his good fortune.

His first impulse was to return to his friends and apprise them of his fortunate discovery of the treasure, but this quickly gave place to the desire to make an examination of it before doing so, that there might be no mistake.

He drew some of the nuggets from his pocket and examined them.

There was no doubt of their being gold. To make sure he took one of them and laying it on the floor of the cavern, struck it with a flat stone.

He knew that if it was gold that it would be malleable under the hammer, a peculiarity possessed by no other ore, and as he struck it with the stone he saw, with a thrill of delight, that it stood the test.

With spirits overflowing with joy and triumph he fairly ran back to the spot where he had uncovered the treasure.

By the light of the torch he now saw that the bags lay in a small depression in the rocks, and a heap of stones lying near by told that the precious store had been recently uncovered.

A further inspection revealed the marks of a small shoe in the sandy clay close by —the same track he had seen on entering the cavern.

This left no doubt in his mind that the treasure had been discovered by other parties, and there was no doubt that it was now being carried away.

It seemed very plain to him that Juanita had visited the place with that identical purpose in view.

There seemed to be no other solution to the problem.

With this came the thought that she might return at any moment. Might it not be as

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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Motherhood

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Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound more successfully than by any other medicine, because it gives tone and strength to the parts, curing all displacements and inflammation.

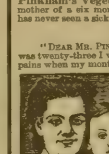
Actual sterility in women is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all expectant or would-be mothers.

Mrs. A. D. Jarret, Belmont, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. Before taking your medicine I was unable to carry babe to maturity, having lost two—one at six months and one at seven. The doctor said next time I would die, but thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I did not die, but am the proud mother of a six months old girl baby. She weighs nineteen pounds and has never seen a sick day in her life. She is the delight of our home."

Mrs. Whitney's Gratitude.

"DEAR MR. PINKHAM:—From the time I was sixteen years old till I was twenty-three I was troubled with a weakness of the kidneys, and during pains when my monthly periods came on. I made up my mind to try your Vegetable Compound, and was soon relieved. The doctor said I never would be able to go my full time and have a living child, as I was constitutionally weak. I had lost a baby at seven months and half. The next time I continued to take your Compound: and I said then, if I went my full time and my baby lived to be three months old, I should send you my picture. My baby is now seven months old, and is as healthy and hearty as any one could wish. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I was so bad that I did not dare to go away from home to stay any length of time. Praise God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and may others who are suffering do as I did and find relief. Wishing you success in the future as in the past, and may many homes be brightened as mine has been."—MRS. L. Z. WHITNEY, 4 Flint St., Somerville, Mass."



The medicine that cures the ills of women is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Phantom Bicyclist.

(Continued.)

he had more than once suspected—that she was, in some way, connected with Danglers and his men?

If so, it were best that he lose no time in reaching his friends and laying the whole matter before them.

Making his way back along the passage, he hurried toward the opening. He found some difficulty in scaling the high wall, but he was nerved by the thought of what depended on his efforts and he hardly stopped to draw a long breath till he reached the mouth of the cavern.

With what joy and triumph he would communicate his great discovery to his friends.

He could hardly wait to reach the camp to tell the good news.

Pushing his way through the brambles, he emerged into the open space that extended across the valley.

He looked quickly about for Riggles, but he was not to be seen. Thinking that he might have returned to the camp he turned his steps in that direction.

As he drew near he saw the smoke of the fire curling lazily against the trees that skirted the stream, but to his amazement no one was to be seen about the place.

Even the wagon and team, as well as the wheels and camping outfit, had all disappeared as mysteriously as if they had never been there.

"Well, this is what I call a complete surprise," mused Darcy, gazing in perplexity about the scene.

"Hands up, young feller!"

The words rang out sharply on the still air, and Darcy turned quickly at the sound.

As he did so he stood face to face with Danglers and his men!

Rates was standing in front of the others, a revolver leveled at Darcy, a look of cool triumph on his face.

"I reckon we'll keep track uv ye this time," he remarked, with an emphatic nod of the head.

For a moment Darcy was so greatly amazed to move or speak.

He stood powerless, the dreadful realization of his position in again falling into the hands of the ruffians coming to him with crushing force.

To be thus entrapped—to fall into the hands of the enemy just at this time of all times, when the object of their journey to the mine was but accomplished; this was the severest blow of all.

While Rates stood holding the pistol leveled at the youth's breast, Juan and Rednock came quickly forward at the order of Danglers, who stood apart at the left, and suddenly seized Darcy and bound him.

As they began to search his person the latter found that fell into their hands were the nuggets of gold which Darcy had brought from the cavern.

At sight of these cries of excited joy came from the gullet of ruffians, and this quickly brought the others to their side.

"It's gold—the treasure is found!" ejaculated Rednock, almost beside himself with joy at sight of the gold.

"Hurrah, ho! ain't the luckiest set o' lubbers this side uv nowhar!"

He stood taking a handful of nuggets which he had taken from Darcy's pocket.

A greedy light shone in the eyes of the leader as he saw the gold and he came quickly forward and took the nuggets in his hand.

"It's the pure stuff, ain't it, captain?" fluttered Bates, a look of intense joy overcreeding his face.

Danglers nodded.

"And there is no doubt that this is a part of the very treasure we are looking for," he remarked, "and this youngster has been lying to us about not knowing where it is."

"That's what," sanctioned Bates. "We ort ter fed him ter the wolves, but it's turnin' out best fer us as it is, for now we've got the cinch on him, an' he don't do the right thing we can meck quick work uv him."

As he spoke there was a look in his eye that told that he would keep his word.

Further chapters of this very interesting story will appear next week. Readers of the Ledger are advised to note the fine free premiums we offer on page thirteen and fifteen.

The Trick of Resting.

Few women know how to rest as they should. They think that they must undress and go to bed to be thoroughly comfortable. This is a mistake, provided there is a tabouret or little footstool in the room on which the feet may rest while the other part of the body is supported by a chair. You can read and rest comfortably in this fashion, and let it be whispered right here between ourselves that if we want to gain a maximum of rest in a minimum of time we should copy that inelegant but healthful trick of the masculine drones and put our feet occasionally higher than our heels. Fashionable women, to whom the necessity of never showing fatigue and of ever looking their best has taught this knack, fall into this posture whenever they are in the seclusion of their own apartment.

An old bachelor says the surest way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow.

There was a loud report and a small spark was seen.

TAKE A RECORD.

See How Many Friends Are Hurt by Coffee.

It would be just as reasonable for a temperance advocate to drink a little diluted whisky as to use coffee, for one is as truly an intoxicant as the other, and persistence in the use of coffee brings on a variety of chronic diseases, notorious among which are dyspepsia, heart palpitation (and ultimately heart failure), frequently constipation, kidney diseases, many cases of weak eyes and trembling condition of the nerves.

This is only a small percentage of the great variety of diseases which come from an unbalanced nervous system, caused by the persistent daily use of the drug caffeine, which is the active principle of coffee. Another bit of prima facie evidence about coffee is that the moment a man or woman quits coffee and takes on Postum Food Coffee in its place, a remarkable change in health will almost invariably follow in a few days, and many people who have suffered for years with nervousness, sick headache, dyspepsia, etc., have found that the use of Postum Food Coffee has resulted in a permanent cure.

Many people who have abandoned coffee altogether and are using Postum Food Coffee in its place, and for the most excellent reasons in the world. Many of these say that they will health, nervous prostration, and consequent inability to work, has in times past, pushed them back and out of their proper standing in life, which they have been able to regain by the use of good health, strong nerves, and great vitality, since coffee has been thrown out and the Postum put in its place.

The toper loves his glass as a pretty girl loves her mirror.

Catarrh Sufferers.

If you are suffering from Catarrh, try Hyomei. It is a positive cure. Read the free offer made by The R. T. Booth Co., page 3.

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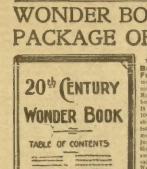

20th CENTURY WONDER BOOK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

We want just what we say. We give The 20th Century Wonder Book and our big Bonanza Package of Games Absolutely Free as an advertisement for Boyce's Monthly Magazine, the most fascinating monthly in the world. The Big Bonanza Package of Games consists of a Set of Chess, a Set of Checkers, Dominoes, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, Spanish Prize, Game of Authors and Game of Old Maid. The 20th Century Wonder Book is the work of Wm. H. Boyce, and contains 100 pages, beautifully illustrated colored cover. It is full of interesting and valuable reading matter, including 1,001 magic; autograph verses, how chemical experiments, 15 tests of personality, curious puzzles, conundrums, patent, powerful tonics and salves, and 1,000 other things. We have money-making secrets, and 1,000 other things. We have money-making secrets, and 1,000 other things. We have money-making secrets

A CHANCE FOR LIFE.

A CRY OF WARNING AND OF HOPE.

History repeats itself.
When the first dam burst or reservoir wall gave way and the man on horseback sped down the valley with the alarm, he was doing exactly what would be done under the same circumstances a generation after generation. He was giving the people in the line of the flood a chance for life.

The man or woman who in some sudden peril has been plunged in the engulfing wave, or caught in an upper chamber of a burning house; these know how all of pres-

ent and future can be gathered in that brief sentence. "A chance for life."

There is another class of people, these in danger from disease, who understand how much lies in those few words. There are men and women living today in healthy, active enjoyment of life who can look back to the time when they were weak and emaciated, coughing until the blood trickled over their lips, seeing no hope of escape from that dread disease consumption.

But a chance for life came to them and they took it.

"I feel very grateful to you," writes Mrs. Breen, of Sands, Watauga Co., N. C., "I had catarrh for several years, then took grip, also had hemorrhage from the lungs. I had the best medical attention, but only to bring partial relief. I got up for a few months but had hemorrhages. I took Dr. K——'s Discovery (twenty-five or thirty bottles), but in a few months had more spells of bleeding. I wrote to Dr. Pierce and received direction what kind of medicine to use; I commenced taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.' I had only taken one bottle when I could see I was improving. I used five bottles of the Discovery' and three bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I have been able to do any kind of labor for more than twelve months. Well, I just simply owe my life to the World's Dispensary Medical Association."

A CHANCE FOR EVERY ONE.

Arguing from the cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, there's a good chance of recovery for every one who suffers with weak lungs, obstinate cough, bronchitis and other forms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption. What the chance of recovery may be is determined by the fact that of the thousands of persons who have used "Golden Medical Discovery" (when necessary reinforced by Dr. Pierce by letter, free), ninety-eight per cent. have been cured and permanently cured. In severe cases of pulmonary disease "Golden Medical Discovery" has worked wonders. It has come to the sick man or woman as a last resort. The breath came in gasps; the cough was deep and distressing; there were hemorrhages, night-sweats, emaciation and general debility. The doctor in many cases had gone his way saying "There's nothing more to be done." The Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was used and the cure began. The cough disappeared. The hemorrhages ceased. Health was put on. And the once hopeless sufferer was at length restored to the activities of labor and the enjoyment of life. Thousands witness to these facts and these witnesses know where of they speak because they are men and women who testify that they owe their lives to "Golden Medical Discovery" and Dr. Pierce.

"My husband had been coughing for years and people frankly told me that he would go into consumption," writes Mrs. Jennie Shireman, of No. 365 25th Place, Chicago, Ill. "Had such terrible coughing spells, we not only grew much alarmed, but looked for the bursting of a blood-vessel or hemorrhage at almost any time. After three days' coughing he was too weak to cross the room. The doctor did him no good. I stated the case to a druggist, who handed me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husband's recovery was remarkable. In three days after he began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he was up and around and in two days he went to work. Work. Two bottles cured him."

WHAT WOULD IT COST

to consult the ordinary specialist in disease? More in most cases than the average person has to spend in fees. Yet persons suffering from chronic diseases are invited to consult an extraordinary specialist by letter, free.

Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., is an extraordinary specialist. He is extraordinary in an unbroken experience in the treatment and cure of disease which extends over thirty years. He is extraordinary in his success: 90 per cent. of those he has treated being absolutely and entirely cured. He is extraordinary in that he puts at the disposal of correspondents not only his own services but the services of his medical staff numbering nearly a score of qualified physicians. There is no other physician with advice which has behind it so renowned an institution as the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, or such a successful specialist as Dr. Pierce. Write in confidence to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do not accept any substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." The medicine that dealers sometimes offer as "just as good" as Dr. Pierce's is not the medicine which has cured the thousands who testify that when all other medicines failed "Golden Medical Discovery" restored them to perfect and permanent health.

A BOILED DOWN BOOK.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser contains 1,008 pages, 700 illustrations and large pages, and it has recovered the gift of a purse which would contain even the "boiled down" medical wisdom of 1,000 doctors. It is a medical library in itself. It treats of life in its many phases and of disease in nine hundred forms from the view point of common sense and plain English. Formerly the book is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the volume bound in cloth, or, only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Consistent Port.

"Papa," said the little son of the Dialect Poet, "I just saw a horse."

"No, my boy," corrected the Dialect Poet, "your dictionary is at fault. You doubtless mean that you have just saw the animal."

But he indeed hard to induce children to conform to the poetry that is inspired by them.

The Fatal Thumb Mark.

(Continued from page five.)

had come to tell.

Early the morning, before sunrise, I set out upon a hunting expedition: it was the first Carlo had seen after a little he struck out into the woods. I had ridden scarcely a mile when I heard the report in the direction of the Shreveport pike, when I fancied I heard a loud call—it sounded like a cry for help—but nevertheless, she sounded proceeded.

Then Carlo's beard old Pluto giving tongue—he was baying with all the strength of his lungs, and I knew that the game had come upon a sight that filled me with horror. Lying right across the path was a hump. I thought it was a human being—or brute, but what I was quite certain of was that it was dead. It was at any rate at the mercy of a huge bony. His snorting was something awful, and I saw his great head raised and the glistening tusks dripping with blood.

"Carlo!" I shouted, and in response there was a faint cry, followed by an awful roar of rage and pain, and the huge beast—the writhing mass—a human being—I saw that as soon as it came near. There was not a moment to lose. I drew my rifle and fired. I don't often miss my aim—

"No, I allow it never," interrupted a voice from the audience.

"Order, order!" cried the Crier.

"The ball went straight o the mark, right between the eyes, and the brute half raised himself on his hind legs, and fell backward, roar of rage and pain, and then settled back.

"I will not describe in detail the details of the view; it was a horrible sight—that figure torn, maimed wretch lying there, with scarce the human form left about it, except the face, which strange enough had escaped the fangs of the monster beast—but the wretch still lived, and in a moment I recognized my deadliest foe. I had frequently met him at Shreveport, and knew his face. Although torn and mangled, he was still able to speak.

"'I am a dying man,' he gurgled, through the blood that welled up in his throat. 'My curse has fallen; oh, my God. Have mercy, have mercy! I cannot die, unless I make confession; down there in Marshall Hall's office at trial for the murder of David Gray, he will be hanged by the blood, too, will be on my head. It was I—I—Alanson Brewster—who killed the man you have murdered him for his gold. I could not find the treasure I sought, but I found that gold and diamonds; and then the devil tempted me to another crime. I had been listening at the window, and I knew that Hugh, his grandson, had been there, that they had quarreled, and that he lay dead on the floor in the outer room. He, the heir, and I, David Gray's enemy, were the only dead; but he lived—lived long enough to pronounce a terrible curse upon me—his murderer. How the words have rung in my ears day and night, and now, I know that they have them now, just as they fell from his bloody lips: 'Murderer, I know you! A curse—my dying curse—rest upon you. A horrible death shall be yours—mangled and torn, you will linger in agony, until——' That was all. My aged uncle was dead, and with the mark of Cain upon my forehead I fled out into the night. Oh, my God! Is there mercy for such as I? Pray, pray, they are coming, a legion of devils, with the heads of swine. I see their bloodshot eyes; I feel their fangs at my throat! Mer-cy! Mer-cy!'

"With the prayer for forgiveness, he settled in a mangled heap; the torture was ended, the cruel heart had ceased to beat.

"I left him there. I knew an innocent man was on trial for his life, and spurring my horse to the utmost speed I rode back. My story is told. Yonder in the heart of the woods lies the murderer of David Gray. Hugh Vance, gentlemen, is innocent!"

The breathless silence was broken by a storm of applause. The excitement was at fever-heat and scores of newly-made friends crowded about Hugh the moment he was released.

They would have borne him upon their shoulders in triumph, had he not peremptorily insisted upon being left to care for Lavonne, who had fainted, this time from excess of joy; but joy never kills, and with a great deal of thanksgiving upon her lips Priscilla hung over her until consciousness returned.

When she opened her eyes Hugh's arms encircled her, his bosom pillowed her head.

But the crowd would not be disappointed. When the moon rose an army of beardless boys and frolicksome young men surrounded the hotel, clamoring loudly for the appearance of the bridegroom. A regularly organized charivari was in progress, and in responses to the babel of cries Hugh laughingly appeared upon the gallery and after a humorous tender of thanks, dispersed the gaping crowd by the gift of a purse which would supply a sufficient number of cigars for the auspicious occasion.

Early the next morning Lavonne and Priscilla, where four months were spent in deciding on the most eligible point of interest to another, and then Hugh and Lavonne returned to Marshall where Hugh and Priscilla had purchased a residence, but quite at the opposite side of the city from the gray mansion wherein memories where Lavonne had spent so many dreary hours. by process of law Hugh had fallen into the inheritance which his miserly grandfather had so recently bequeathed to Adam Clinch, and in his own dismal den the younger miser growled like a spider in the web, bemoaning the fate that had robbed him of what he considered should have been his own. But at last the either human or divine, had linked him with the race from which David Gray sprung, and he remained never resounded outside his own meager shanty.

In due course of time Hugh caused the dwelling which had been the scene of two tragedies to be torn down, and a force of men, engaged in demolishing the walls, unearthed the missing diamonds and gold for which Alanson Brent had bartered his soul. Lavonne Vane is now a comely matron in the full bloom of womanly loveliness, her handsome husband is still young, and as fortune would have it, during the first year of his marriage, while Aunt Priscilla, with more than her former pride of heart, finds her chief pleasure in ministering to and pampering the chubby little darling that came nursing the second year of his marriage to bless the home of Hugh and Lavonne with the one whom they named Esther.

(The end.)

Disclosed by Thumb Nails.

According to a European scientist the average length of the thumb nail is, in the case of a man, two millimetres, and those men whose nails are longer than this always possess a sexual virility. Women, on the other hand, whose nails are above the normal length are as a rule very fond of pleasure and have sensual erotic tastes. Kaiser William of Germany, says this palmist, has a very short thumb nail, but his thumb is too short and the nail is flat and shows no severe indication, in his opinion, of some cerebral weakness. The Emperor of Austria, on the other hand, has a thumb nail of medium length and of a very characteristic tastes. It is pearly white and unusually convex, in striking contrast thereto to his hand, which is coarse and rather vulgar.

The new King of Italy has a spatulate thumb nail which is said to be an indication of a very manly nature. The Sultan of Turkey's Hand is white and slender and bears many tokens of high breeding. King Leopold of Belgium has the thumb of a plebeian, the nail being short and square. Queen Victoria differs from all other rulers in the fact that the thumbs of her two hands are unlike each other. This is said to be an unfailing indication of shrewdness and also of long life.

The young queen of Holland has a strong but rather commonplace hand, the nails being short and of a vulgar type, but, on the other hand, the Queen of Italy has an aristocratic hand, only marked defect being in the nails of the little fingers, which are rather too conical and too much curved at the ends.

A Biased Honeymoon.

The Groom (as he recovers sensibility)—Where am I?

The Bride—Hush, darling! you met with an accident as we got in the hack.

The Groom—Horse kick me?

The Bride—N-n-o, darling. Pa threw an old boot after you, and in his excitement forgot his wooden leg was in it.

Cures Weak Men Free

Insures Love and Happiness.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 151 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show how men write him.

"Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you can realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly as stated. I myself think had vigor have completely returned and enlarged to full size and strength."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed, after a few days I noticed a little vitality as is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vitality."

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PROF. F. C. FOWLER, MODOUS, CONN.
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How Big Ben Got His Name.

"Big Ben" has ceased from booming for a brief space, and a large section of London misses in consequence one of its most familiar sounds. But there is nothing very wrong; a little cleaning is being done. How many people know why the famous clock is called "Big Ben?" The name, in fact, is that of the hour bell—which weighs 13 tons, 11 cwt.—and was so called after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was first commissioner of works in 1860, the year in which the clock was first set going in the tower. It had, however, been in motion in the manufactory for some years before that date. Each of the four dials is 22 feet 6 inches in diameter, and the clock is 180 feet above the ground. The quarters are struck on four bells weighing from one ton to four tons each.

The large bell cracked before leaving the foundry, and a similar fate befell the second bell of the same size, the hours being struck for several years on the largest of the quarter bells. "Big Ben," the Second, after undergoing repairs, was again brought into use, and has performed satisfactorily ever since. The clock part proper takes only about twenty minutes to wind, but the striking parts require five hours each. It should be remembered that the first stroke of "Big Ben" denotes the hour, the smaller bells indicating the quarters by the first strokes in each case.—London Spheres.

Defined.

"A financier is a man that makes lots of money, isn't he, father?"

"No, Freddy—a financier is a man that gets hold of lots of money other people make."

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6015—Ladies' Three Piece Skirt.
Waist, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inch bust.
Skirt, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 inch waist.

8125—Misses' Waist with Plastron.
7046—Misses' Skirt.
Waist, 12 14 and 16 years.
Skirt, 12 14 and 16 years.

8111—Ladies' Fancy Collars.
One size.

8121—Ladies' Fancy Waist.
7984—Ladies' Four Piece Skirt.
Waist, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 inch bust.
Skirt, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inch waist.

8132—Ladies' Bolero Waist.
32, 34, 36, 38, 40 in. bust.

8124—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist.
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Baby Mine.
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Bell Brandon.
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Bring Back My Bonnie to Me.
By the Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Captain with his Whiskers.
Charlie is my Darling.
Come Home, Father.
Comrades.
Crosby to Johnny.
Die Watch on Rhein.
Dolly Varden.
Don't You Go, Tommy.
Do They Miss Me at Home?
Douglas, Tender and True.
Down in a Coal Mine.
Five O'clock in the Morning.
Go Down, Moses.
Good Night, and Joy be wi' ye A'.
Hail Columbia.
Hail to the Chief.
Hard Times, Come Again no More.
Harvest Home.
Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.
Highland Mary.
Home, Sweet Home.
I Ain't Going to Die no More.
I Dreamt that I Dwelt.
If I had but a Thousand a Year.
I Heard a Wee Bird Singing.
I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound.
I'm o'er Young to Marry Yet.
I've Just Come from the Fountain.
Judgment Day is Rolling 'Round.
Kissing on the Sly.
Kiss Me Quick and Go.
Larboard Watch.
Little Barefoot.
Little Bo-Peep.
Little Maggie Mine.
Maggie by My Side.
Marseillaise Hymn.
Meet Me by Moonlight.
Miss Winkie.
Molly, Put the Kettle On!
My Country 'tis of Thee.
My Johnny was a Shoemaker.
My Way's Cloudy.
Polly of the Hazel Dell.
Nobody Knows the Trouble I See.
Off in the Stilly Night.
Oh! Had I Wings like a Dove.
Oh! I Should Like to Marry.
Oh! Susanna.
Oh! Why do you Tease us.
Oh! Would I were a Bird.
Old Grimes.
Old King Cole.
Our Flag is There.
O Willie and I'll Come to You.
O Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.
Paddle Your Own Canoe.
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.
Roll, Jordan, Roll.
Sonia, can ha'e wi' Wallace Bled.
Scenes, Margery Daw.
See, the Conquering Hero Comes.
Steal Away.
Swing low, Sweet Chariot.
The Arm Chair.
The Charming Young Widow.
The Cork Leg.
The Dismal River.
The Dustman.
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
The Little Brown Jug.
Then You'll Remember Me.
The Old Armchair.
The Ranger's Drive.
The Pilgrim Fathers.
There is a Green Hill Far Away.
There was a Jolly Miller.
The Soldier and the Woman.
The Soldier and the Fly.
The Story of Bunker Hill.
The Water-Mill.
Then set Some from my Case.
Turn back Pharaoh's Army.
Wait for the Wagon.
We'd better Bide a Wee.
We Meet by Chance.
We're a Noddin'.
What are the Wild Waves Saying.
When we went Sleighing.
When You and I were Young.
Where are you Going, my Pretty Maid?
Where was Moses when the Light Went Out?
Whom Emma!
Widow Machree.
Willie, we have Missed You
Will you Love me Then as Now?
Woodman, Spare that Tree.
Yankee Doodle.
You Never Miss the Water.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

Upside-Down.

Not far from Old Paris, in the Rue de Paris, a street crowded with concert-halls, burlesque, spectacles, cafés, and the many attractions and distractions of modern parisian life, one comes unexpectedly upon the amusing Upside-Down House or Manoir a l'Envers.

Did some great giant stride through the avenues of the cityuntil in the dead of night, and, thinking to play a joke on the world, pick up this stone castle, and set it upside down upon its chimneys and towers? At any rate, here it stands, the Gothic arches of its windows pointing downward, its sculptures, coat of arms, clock, flags, all in the same absurd position, while through an open window we catch a glimpse of a room whose chairs and tables cling to the ceiling, and where all the utensils of the room are upside down, bearing trays of eatables turned upside down to spade-down tables.

Has the law of gravitation been suddenly suspended to benefit the projectors of the Paris exposition? We cannot resist the temptation to enter and see what is in it down?—the winding staircase in the tower. Above, we find the various rooms of a private mansion, a drawing-room, bed-room, and even bath-room, all the commixis of which follow the strange law of this strange house.

We discover, before long, that much is due to a clever arrangement of mirrors, while other curious mirrors, also reversed, but variously curved, show us to ourselves in surprising and distorting shapes and attitudes.—St. Nicholas.

Eight Rules.

Moderation is the keynote of athletic success. A few generally accepted well-known athletes may be followed with profit:

1. Do not try to do too much.
2. Begin with simple and gentle exercise.
3. Never attempt work directly after a meal.
4. Food should never be taken immediately after exercise, and a half an hour should elapse before eating.
5. Light exercise before breakfast may be taken with advantage, but a dry biscuit or crust of bread should be eaten before beginning.
6. If the muscles become lame or exhausted, give them a good rub down with the hand or liniment.
7. Regular and thorough exercise with dumbbells or Indian clubs for ten minutes, morning and evening, gradually increase the strength and health of the entire body to a surprising extent.
8. Don't drink water when overheated.

Piled-Up Water.

The Coast and Geodetic Survey has recently completed some very careful leveling operations which show that the surface of the Gulf of Mexico lies perceptibly higher than that of the Atlantic ocean, between the surface of the ocean at St. Augustine, on the eastern coast of Florida, and the surface of the gulf at Cedar Keys, on the western shore, there is a mean difference in level of nine-tenths of a foot. This is considered to be sufficient to account for the outpouring current of the gulf stream, which is the narrower parts of the Strait of Florida touches the Bahamas. The mass of water which raises the gulf above the level of the ocean is apparently received through the Yucatan channel, being driven in by the prevailing equatorial currents from the east.

Had to Be Good.

To mortals All Hallowen possesses attractions peculiarly its own, though they accept in good faith the tales that have come down to us from our ancestors. In the old days it was openly believed that the pixies, the leering gnomes and the Titanias of the realm, Hingdom, put off their robes from retirement and devoted their best energies to mystifying in every way in which the world goes. To be sure it was the eve of the festival of all saints, which comes on Nov. 1, and popular superstition has it that one of the things that brought this passion for mischief into the "little people" was that they all had to be pinks of propriety on All Saints' day.

Musical Dogs.

There is a church bell on the east side, says the Salt Lake City Tribune, that seems to have a peculiar attraction for the dogs in the vicinity. Each Sabbath morning, as soon as the bell begins its noise, many of the canines in the neighborhood prick up their ears and start in single file for the church. Arriving there they array themselves in front and start on a yowling obligato. This beautiful vocal effort is persevered in as long as the bell keeps going, and when it stops the dogs feel that their duty has been done, and dropping their ears and voices, start home again.

Beyond Auburn.

A young wife came to her mother one day, with fire in her eyes and indignation in her voice.

"Harry told me a little while ago," she said, "that there was no use in calling my hair auburn. He said it was several stations beyond Auburn, on the road to Reading!"

"I wonder's mind that, Clara," said her mother, "It was merely one of his pleasantries."

"No, it wasn't!" exclaimed the young wife, with a savage gleam of humor. "It was one of his unpleasantries!"

Too Full.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at the unfinished part of her dinner.

"What's the matter, Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look so mournful."

"That's just the matter," said Ethel. "I am mor'n full."

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.

Facts About Cows.

It was a class of eight-year-olds, and the subject for composition was "The Cow." Out of the girls' words, among other things, "The cow is a very useful animal, for she supplies us with beefsteaks, veal, pork and other meats." Another, looking at the subject from a wholly different standpoint, thought the cow very useful because "She keeps the garden clean by eating the weeds."

Ungrateful.

A father and son were standing at the end of the Old Chain Pier at Brighton, when a little boy limbed up the waves.

A bystander plunged into the sea, and succeeded in rescuing the dripping child at his father's feet.

"And what have ye done with his hat?" said the man.

One Way to Get Fat.

One evening when the mosquitoes were very troublesome small Bobby cried out:

"Oh, dear! I wish mamma don't stop biting me there will be nothing left of me!"

"Yes, there will," rejoined his little sister. "The bites will swell up and make you bigger than ever."

An Angel's "Snap."

"Oh, dear!" sighed small Tommy, as he gazed at the flaming posters across the street, "I wish I were an angel."

"Why do you wish that, Tommy?" asked his astonished mother.

"Cause," answered the little fellow, "then I could see all the circuses at once."

Knew It Was Wrong.

The Parson—How did you get that black eye, Tommy?

Tommy—Fighting.

The Parson—I am sorry to hear that. Don't you know that it is wrong to fight?

Tommy—Yes, sir. That's what I told your kid when he licked me yesterday.

Ben's Bright Idea.

"Children," said the mother of the family, opening the door of the nursery and looking in, "what are you doing to Fuzzy that makes him yelp so?"

"Ben's been using the curling tongs on his tail to make it curl tighter," explained Eunice.

He Was Playing Noah.

"Why, Jack, open the door and let Katie in. Don't you see it's raining?" cried Jackey's mother.

"I can't mother," said Jackey. "We are playing Noah's Ark. I'm Noah and Katie is the sinners, and she must stay out in the wet."

A Terrible Threat.

Frankie was bathing one day with his playmates, when his big cousin caught him up suddenly and ducked him in a huge wave. He came up sputtering, and as soon as he caught his breath he shrieked:

"If you drown I will tell mamma!"

Playing Jack Frost.

Fasten to the end of a poker a tiny spray of fine wire, such as forms the twig of a small piece of sheet iron and throw benzoinic acid upon it. Now hold the twig over the iron and the tiny tree will be beautifully frosted.

Dolly's One Fault.

Alice, aged 3, had just been given a handsome new doll, soon she was overheard saying to it: "Dolly, you is dest-an beautiful as can be, but 'oo isn't dot a bit o' sense."

One Was Enough.

"Mamma," said a precocious youth of 5, who had been assigned the task of rocking the cradle containing his baby brother, "if the angels have any more kids to give away, don't you take 'em."

No Room for One.

Mamma—Why do you not give your nice uncle a kiss, Elsie?

Elsie (whose uncle had a heavy beard)—I don't see any place for it, mamma.

Maybe He Needed It.

"Why, Willie," said the lady caller, "how tanned you are."

"Yes'm," replied the boy, "pa done it."

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